

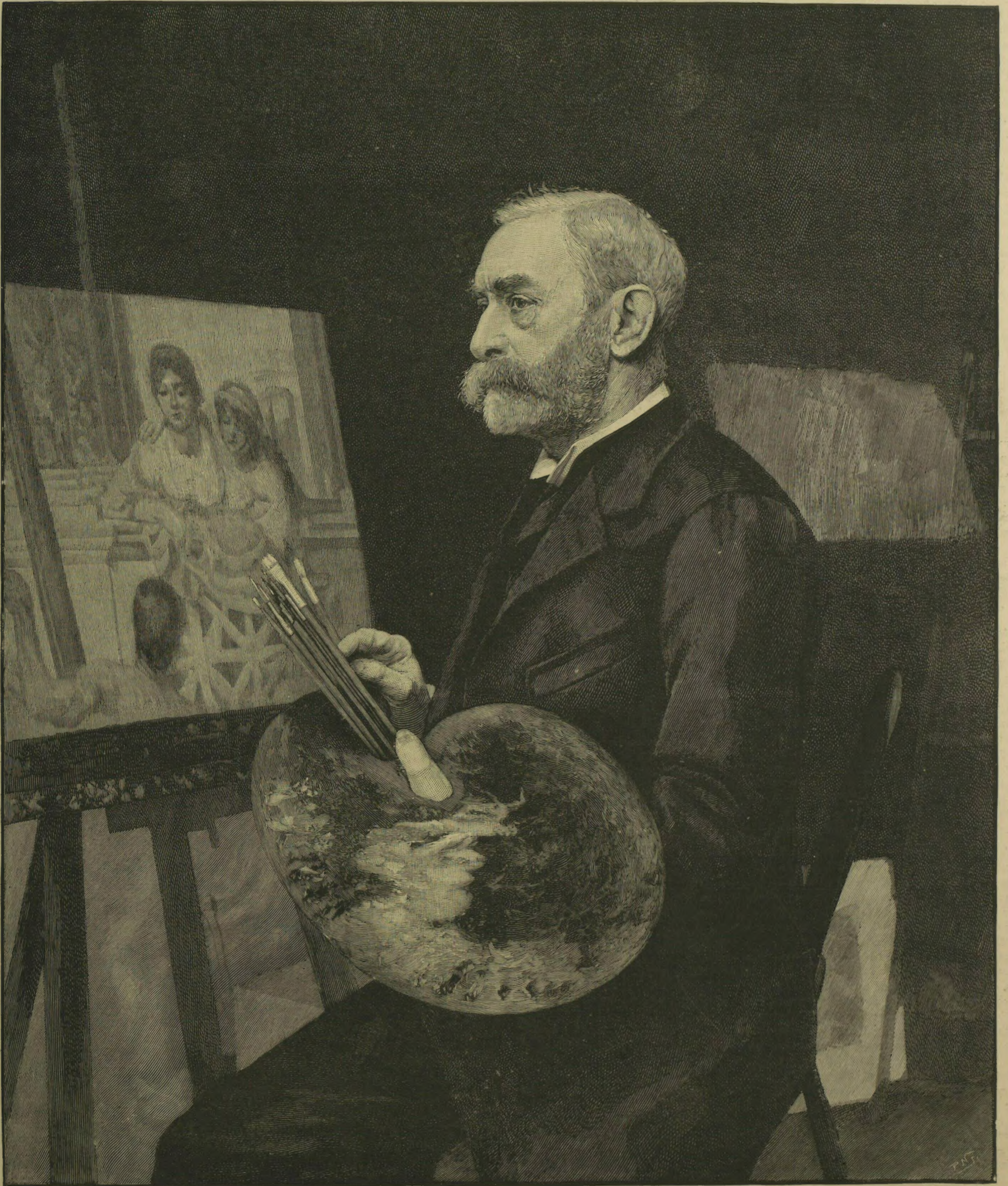
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, MR. E. J. POYNTER.

From a Photograph by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The newspapers inform us that "the old English taste for a haunch of venison is on the decline." Still, one knows few people who would decline a haunch of venison. Its arrival, with persons of my humble position in life, is an event, and after a while affects a good many people—the folks next door especially. They generally pay a guinea to some sanitary authority, who pulls up their drains and recommends them to leave home for a week or two. The reason of this is that venison is not to be eaten in a hurry, as if it were soup at a railway station. Like a moderately good picture at the Academy, it ought to be hung, and high. If it smelt as nice as it tasted, it would be a public boon; its odour is no selfish pleasure, to be enjoyed only by its proprietor, but diffuses itself in all directions, and grows more powerful every day. Any attempt to weaken it seems (as in a well-known case) "to arouse its ambition"; it reigns supreme from garret to cellar, no matter what constant applications (in the way of flour or vinegar) are made to it to induce mildness. The household grows faint; young and foolish members of the family demand that it shall be eaten at once, or given away; the cook thinks "as it ought to be put underground before it breeds a pestilence, and puts her there"; but the master of the house, the man of mature taste and patient mind, says: "No; give it another day or two." It comes to table at last, beautiful as a bride (with a magnificent bouquet), and then all but a few unworthy persons, more fit for the nursery than the banquet-hall, feast with an appreciation too great for words. "Do not speak to me, please, for twenty minutes," I once heard a devotee of the haunch remark to a fair neighbour. It is a glorious example of the victory of perseverance under difficulties, of the final reward of patient endurance, which one wonders has never been utilised by fashionable preachers in need of a novel metaphor and whose congregations are acquainted with venison.

Some of my correspondents assure me that I take too gloomy views of extreme old age, and instance examples of cheerfulness and apparent enjoyment of it within their own knowledge. The cheerfulness I can easily believe, but it is one of those attributes the true meaning of which is not generally understood. The possession of it is by no means a sign of happiness, nor even of content, and, indeed, to those who look beneath the surface of things, rather the contrary. Perhaps the best illustration of it is the "jolliness" of Mark Tapley, which attained its maximum—as regards assurance—when affairs were at their worst. Even if his jolliness was genuine, it must be admitted that his character was very exceptional. It is pleasant to learn, however, that it was not unique. It seems that there is a Mrs. Mark Tapley (possibly his widow, for she is nearly a centenarian) still in existence. She was calling on a lady friend the other day, who inquired after her health with that drop in her voice and compassionate air with which we address invalids and persons of very advanced age. "Well, my dear, how are you?" "How am I," replied the old lady with much vigour and great indignation, "I am, as I always am, Perfectly Well!"

Among all races as well as conditions of men the loss of what they once enjoyed and the remembrance of happier things are common to aged persons, but the things they miss are extremely various. A hundred years ago, an old Indian confided his feelings upon the matter to a white man whom he entertained in his wigwam. There was a time, he said, when he was feared by all, and never missed his game with his gun nor his enemy with his tomahawk; every river was then an inn to him, and every squaw a wife, whereas now the deer bounded away from him unhurt, and the girls "covered themselves repulsively" at his appearance. He was of opinion that either nature "ought not to have disclosed him, or to have given him the power of renovation granted to the pernicious snake."

A recent writer expresses his conviction that matrimony is antagonistic to literature, and instances a number of examples where it has consorted ill with it; indeed, he cites so many cases where literary men have run away from their wives that he proves too much, since the short time they manage to live with them could have had but little effect, deteriorating or otherwise, upon their minds. Quite as many instances could be adduced, if it were worth while, to prove the contrary of this theory, which is as old as the hills, but no more trustworthy on that account. The learned Budæus had an idea that the mind and body could not be alike prolific; but as he wrote a great many books and had eleven children, he could scarcely have deduced his opinion from personal experience. The fact is that this celibate notion is chiefly entertained by the Bohemian class, who have seldom the wherewithal to marry upon or any turn for economy, and who, moreover, generally select for their spouses ladies who are similarly circumstanced. An observer of human nature has remarked that "the generality of ladies married to literary men are so vain of the abilities or merit of their husbands that they are frequently insufferable"; but this would certainly not make them insufferable to the predominant partner. Another cynic confesses that marriage would not be so disadvantageous to authors if it were not

for those "hostages to fortune," the children, who are its consequences. "The more children you have," he reminds a friend who is thinking of changing his condition, "the less servants you can afford. Their maintenance will also cost you a pretty penny. Another alarming consideration is that you will be connected with your wife's relations." "But, after all," suggests the hesitating Benedick, "how often you see a man of letters sincerely regretting the loss of his wife!" "Now and then it is so, and what must we think of an unhappy marriage, when a happy one is exposed to such evils?" There is no doubt that the misogynists, as regards the marriages of literary men, are in the majority, but that does not prove them correct. I have known a great many brethren of the pen, both married and single, and my experience is that there is no class which derives so much benefit from the wedded state as they do.

A person who has been subjected to the Röntgen rays has been complaining of their effect upon his system—blisters upon his skin, a loosening of his finger-nails, and a little general inflammation. I am unfeignedly sorry for him, for I should not like it myself. Still, one can hardly expect one's interior not to resent the researches of the curious. It is not like the introspection of our self-conscious novelists, who evidently enjoy it, and find the greatest satisfaction in revealing to the public (who don't care twopence about it) their innermost feelings and even vices. Moreover, the gentleman in question is paid for exhibiting his articulations and vital organs to the casual spectator. He has his grievance, but is compensated for it, which does not happen to us ordinary victims of the photographer. It is not pleasant to be put in a chair, generally too small for one, and to have one's neck put in irons, as if one were going to be executed by the garrote—a position not only uncomfortable, but to the friend who usually accompanies us "to see us through it" exceedingly ridiculous. We are satirically requested by our sporting friends to "pay our money and look pleasant"; but even that is not so difficult as to smile approvingly ("A cheerful expression, please, and the head more to the right") at a fellow with a black cloth over his head looking at you through a dark lantern. Then as to the result, even if the X rays show you have an enlarged heart (so long as it is in the right place, which, it seems, does not always happen; people are now getting it on the wrong side), there is nothing to be ashamed of; other people may have bigger hearts, and some have none at all. But the photograph of one's face is never satisfactory. It does not give one's expression (which is always the strong point of a photograph), and is more or less of a caricature of what is really a very good-looking fellow. "I've been photographed like this, I've been photographed like that," but I have been seldom photographed like me. And, after all—unless you are "a notoriety"—you have to pay for it.

The popular amusement of throwing stones at railway trains has recently resulted in the cutting a guard's eye out, and the possibility of his losing the other eye. Again and again have I in vain drawn attention to the shameful lenity with which this dangerous offence is treated by the law. A boy at a public school who indulged in such mischief would be well flogged, but the mealy-mouthed philanthropists who now shape our laws protest that the use of corporal punishment "brutalises" the offspring of the people. These young scoundrels are quite aware of the consequences of their acts, but because they belong to the proletariat their persons are sacred. They are not imprisoned, because that would demoralise them; they are not fined, because that would inconvenience their parents; they are not whipped, because that would "brutalise" them: so they escape scot free. It is surprising they are not "commended" for not as yet having killed anybody. Sydney Smith said that we should never get one door of our railway-carriages unlocked till a Bishop was burnt to death, but the very suggestion of such a catastrophe was sufficient to effect the reform. If a Bishop had had a stone in his eye instead of a railway guard—who is exposed to such things ten times a day—there would be no need for me to write these lines.

As for the attempts to wreck railway trains, there have been half a dozen during the last month. As only a few months' imprisonment results from them, instead of the penal servitude which such fiendish outrages deserve, they will probably increase till the desired catastrophe occurs. Then we shall have "hasty legislation," as was the case with the dynamite ruffians, and hear great astonishment expressed that no preventive measures in the way of adequate punishment had been taken. It will not have been from want of warnings.

It is occasionally hinted to me by insinuating correspondents that I should confer a benefit upon the human race by publishing an encomium upon some private resort of theirs—generally an hotel; to which I courteously reply that the advertisement columns of this Journal are not in my hands. But the most delicate fastidiousness must stop somewhere. In "Our Tourist Handbook for Colorado" there is an advertisement of the Hotel Kitchen, Leadville, which deserves gratuitous insertion anywhere—

This establishment is arranged for the special comfort and convenience of summer boarders.

On arrival, each guest will be asked how he likes the situation, and if he says the hotel ought to have been placed up upon the knoll or further down towards State Street, the location of the house will be immediately changed.

Corner front rooms, up only one flight, for every guest. Billiard-table, daily papers, sewing-machine, grand piano, clergyman, and all modern conveniences in every room. Meals every minute if desired, and consequently no second table. English, French, and German dictionaries furnished, every guest to make up such a bill of fare as he may desire, without regard to the bill affair afterwards at the office. Waiters of any nationality and colour desired. Every waiter furnished with a libretto, button-hole bouquet, full dress suit, ball tablet, and his hair parted in the middle.

Every guest will have the best seat in the dining-hall and the best waiter in the house.

The office clerk has been carefully selected to please everybody, and can lead in prayer, play draw poker, match worsted at the village store, shake for the drinks at any hour of the day or night, play billiards, good waltzer, and can dance the German, make a fourth at euchre, amuse children, is a good judge of horses, as a railway reference is far superior to Appleton's or anybody else's guide, will flirt with any young lady, and don't mind being cut dead when "Pa comes down." Don't mind being damned any more than a Connecticut river, can room forty people in the best room in the house when the hotel is full, attend to the annunciator and answer questions in Hebrew, Greek, Choctaw, Irish, or any other polite language without turning a hair.

The proprietors will always be happy to hear that some other hotel is "the best house in the country." Special attention given to parties who can give information as to "how these things are done in Denver."

The proprietor will take it as a personal affront if any guest on leaving should fail to dispute the bill, tell him he is a swindler, the house a barn, the table wretched, the wines vile, and that he, the guest, was never so imposed upon in his life, will never stop there again, and means to warn his friends. For climate, beautiful scenery, and health, Leadville cannot be surpassed. Only one funeral in eleven weeks—the patient called a doctor.

It must add another terror to death with Frenchmen that when a surviving fellow-countryman writes his memoirs, the previously departed ones get invariably the rough side of his tongue. One really scarcely knows of an autobiography published in Paris which is not full of scandals. M. Henri Rochefort, however, "takes the cake" with his "Reminiscences." In the two large but entertaining volumes which contain them there is only one political personage—and, as it happens, a totally worthless one—General Boulanger, who is spoken of with approbation. The scheme of this hero, we are told, was to lead the Republic to victory. "But suppose you were to be defeated?" inquires some cavalier. "On my first defeat," was the magnificent rejoinder, "I should blow my brains out." This hardly seems illustrative of his fitness to lead a nation. In other walks of life it is fair to say that M. Rochefort found a second person to praise, and in this case a really great man, Victor Hugo; but his admirer's account of him will not help to gild his memory. Of Madame Hugo he writes: "She had been beautiful and exuberant in her youth. With extraordinary tact, she had known admirably how to be the wife of the most courted and illustrious of writers. She had at once understood that it would have been too difficult to aspire to the exclusive possession of so fêted a husband, and resigned herself to any conjugal forgetfulness on his part." Concerning one of the many illustrations of the poet's forgetfulness, we are told: "Her liaison with Victor Hugo dated from so many years back that it was almost consecrated by time"—a typical example of M. Rochefort's views of consecration. This gentleman not only impresses us as being the most egotistic writer that ever put pen to paper, but also as the vainest. After the success of his *Lanterne* he remarks: "Although celebrity had not embellished me, and my cheeks were just as sunken and my complexion as pale, if not paler than ever, I don't think that during this triumphal period there was ever a popular tenor who could vie with me as the object of feminine solicitations." Perhaps this explains the attraction which "signed articles" have for French journalists. His notion of excellence in his profession was to attack personally everybody—men, women, and even children (as in the case of the Prince Imperial), and especially the dead. His remarks on Napoleon I. and III. and on Marie Antoinette are hardly fit for publication; and one would scarcely credit that a person who is perpetually talking about his "honour" could write of the unhappy Princess de Lamballe "that she had the detestable habit of going out with her head at the end of a pike." Although M. Rochefort attacked every ordinance, institution, and belief, there is not a trace in this long record of his existence of his having proposed a single remedy for anything. As soon as one Government was dead he "went for" its successor, without any idea underlying his passion for destruction. Notwithstanding all this, his "Reminiscences" are very readable (they should have been in one volume instead of two; but that may be said of almost all reminiscences); he has known many interesting people and been witness to many striking incidents; the ups and downs (the "downs" preponderating) of his own life are full of excitement, much of which—his banishment and escape from New Caledonia, for example—is shared by the reader. Now and then we come upon remarks that show the author to have been at least an intelligent observer of human nature. One of them is well worth noting: "What men lack, as a rule, is not intelligence, character, or initiative, it is almost always good sense." The application of this apothegm to M. Rochefort's case is exceedingly obvious.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

PETS.

(See Supplement.)

A portrait of the Princess of Wales is a natural accessory to any celebration of her royal husband's birthday. Apart from that such a picture is in itself a welcome reminder that while time passes a little too fluently for some of us, for one gracious lady in this realm it stands still. It will be noticed that the "pets" who are basking in the favour of their royal mistress are extremely conscious of their distinction. Every dog has his day, and the day of these particular dogs is marked not only with a red letter, but with royal sunshine. One of them has a contumelious expression, as if he were thinking disdainfully of the enormous canine world which does not rise to the honour he is enjoying. The dark patch on the top of his head probably indicates veneration for the dignitaries of the earth. The demeanour of his companion is more suggestive of the joy of the passing moment. This small dog is not weighed down with the responsibilities of his office. It is pleasant to conjecture that long after these "pets" are gathered to their fathers we shall still be paying pictorial tribute to the perennial beauty of their royal mistress.

ARMENIANS AT COLONUS.

Œdipus at Colonus is a figure which rises readily enough to the mental gaze of even the proverbial schoolboy of Macaulay; but to speak of Armenians at Colonus sounds new and strange, and wanting in dramatic fitness. Nevertheless, on this site, so rich in classical association, there are to-day encamped between three and four hundred Armenian refugees who have fled from the risk of massacre in Constantinople, suppliants and exiles as truly as were Œdipus and his devoted daughter when they came to this hill, with which their names have been imperishably associated by the genius of Sophocles. In the Illustration which we give on another page from a sketch by a correspondent the view is that supplied by Antigone to her blind parent in the opening lines of the "Œdipus Coloneus," wherein she describes the towers which crown the city in the distance and the other main features of the landscape.

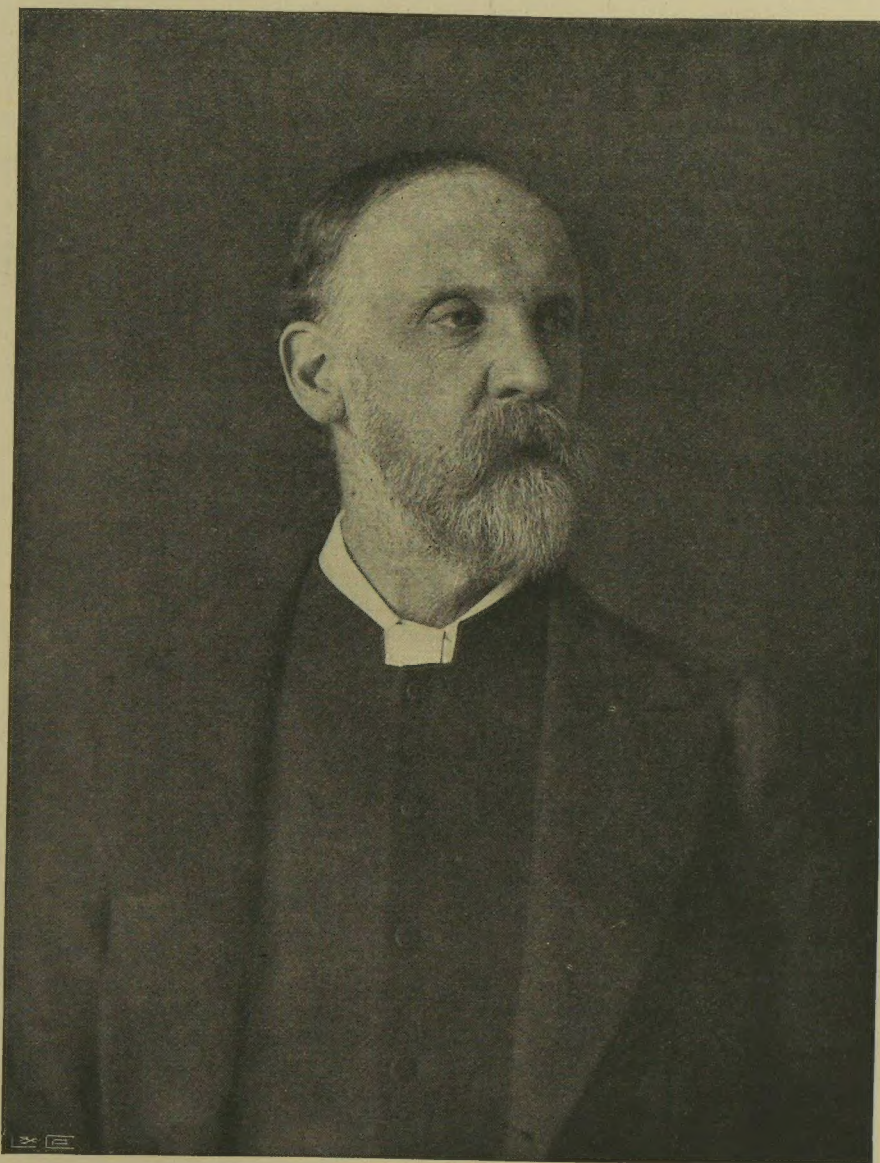
Under the patronage of Rear-Admiral Harris, the Fleet now stationed in the bay of Salamis, and the British Legation, a theatrical performance on a large scale was given at Athens, on Nov. 3, in aid of the distressed Armenians. Hitherto the Colonus refugees have been supported by English charity dispensed from the Duke of Westminster's fund by Mr. Maxse, the Vice-Consul, a committee of Englishmen, and Mr. Gurdjian, an Armenian resident. In our Illustration these philanthropic men are to be seen making inquiries as to the various trades of the refugees, with a view to providing them with suitable work. Employment is being found but slowly and with difficulty, and latterly the dole of charity has of necessity been reduced to an equivalent of two English pence a day to each man or woman.

AN AUCTION ON BOARD A CAPE LINER.

The amusements on an ocean steamer are not very varied, but they possess an inexhaustible freshness. Three weeks on the sea may be warranted to turn the most blasé cynicism into the simplicity of Arcadia. Ibsen's heroine, with her craving to have a hand in a man's destiny, would have been quite content on a steamer to take part in the innocent diversion which our well-known Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, has depicted in the familiar auction. The auctioneer in this instance is Mr. Barney Barnato, who has a genial air of selling gold-mines for a song. Seated on the deck opposite to him is Mr. Melton Prior, the Special Artist of *The Illustrated London News*, who has done such signal service in all corners of the earth, and who at this moment of rare leisure on the Cape liner is all unconscious that as soon as he lands he will be despatched post-haste to Constantinople. Near him may be discerned the rugged features of Mark Twain, fresh from a lecturing tour in South Africa, his eyes twinkling with some humorous fantasy. There are faces in the throng which suggest lives of hazard and adventure; but you might think from the obvious zeal of the bidding that these men never did anything but listen to Mr. Barnato's eloquence and watch the graceful curves of his hammer.

THE NEW BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.

The Vicar of Kensington, the Rev. and Hon. E. Carr Glyn, has been chosen to succeed Dr. Mandell Creighton in the See of Peterborough. The Bishop-Designate is a son of the first Lord Wolverton by the daughter of the late Mr. Pascoe Grenfell, M.P., of Taplow Court. He was born in London in 1843, and so is of the same age as the prelate he succeeds, both of them ranking with the younger of the Bishops. Educated first (with Lord Rowton and Lord Halifax) at Tinwell Rectory, he went on to Harrow, and thence to University College, Oxford. He took no honours, but on leaving the University went to read theology with Dr. Vaughan, then Vicar of Doncaster. On being ordained he was licensed to the curacy of Doncaster, but was called in 1872 to the incumbency of a Beverley parish. On Dr. Vaughan coming to London, his old curate succeeded him at Doncaster; but in 1875 the Crown offered him the Vicarage of Kensington in succession to Dr. MacLagan. Like all Dr. Vaughan's men, he has distinguished himself by great parochial industry, by a tolerant and charitable spirit, and by a complete aloofness from party movements. His parish has been organised with wonderful completeness, and his people trained in the broadest habits of Christian philanthropy. By conviction he is an



THE BISHOP-DESIGNATE OF PETERBOROUGH: THE REV. AND HON. E. CARR GLYN, VICAR OF ST. MARY ABBOTT'S, KENSINGTON.

Evangelical, but fairness and admiration for good work by whomsoever done are two of his prominent characteristics. He married Lady Mary Campbell, daughter of the Duke of Argyll, whose name, like that of the Bishop-Designate, is as widely honoured as it is known.

SKETCHES AT THE OLD BAILEY.

Whenever the projected rebuilding of the Old Bailey is carried out—and it was but lately that the City Corporation laid its plans for that purpose before her Majesty's Judges—it is to be hoped that the ancient Sessions-house of the Central Criminal Court will not utterly disappear. For the Old Bailey was a stronghold of judicial proceedings at such an early date that no exact record of the first sittings within its venerable walls is now extant. Our Artist has depicted three typical scenes from the Old Bailey of to-day, but even as one gazes at them the fancy drifts back to the burning of Milton's "Eikonoklastes" by the common hangman, or to the trial of those Judges of Charles I. who lived to see the Monarchy restored, or, again, to the trial of the Cato Street conspirators in times nearer to our own day. The group of figures in the Witnesses' Waiting-room are probably present on causes which have more in common with the trials of Jack Sheppard or Jonathan Wild than with Old Bailey scenes of such political import. But these types depicted by our Artist the most modern cockney products, the cook, at any rate, who is preparing the

Judge's meal, may claim to be in keeping with his historic background by virtue of his office; for the Old Bailey dinners and lunches given by the Sheriffs to the Judges long ago became proverbial for the particular excellence of their beefsteaks and marrow puddings.

MR. E. J. POYNTER, P.R.A.

The reproductions of pictures by the newly elected President of the Royal Academy, Mr. E. J. Poynter, are naturally among the most interesting of our Illustrations this week. An appreciation of Mr. Poynter's art appears on another page, but we desire here to record our thanks to Mr. Poynter himself, to Major Joicey, and to the Council of the Art Union of London for their courteous permission to reproduce the three pictures which accompany our letterpress. It may be of interest to add that a large etching of "Horæ Serenæ" will shortly be issued to those who are members of the Art Union for the current year.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

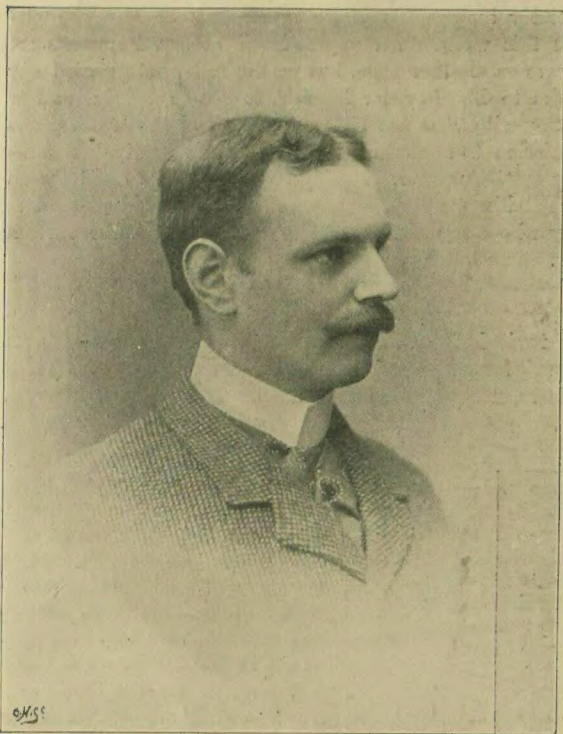
The revival of the late Dr. Westland Marston's "Donna Diana" for a couple of matinées at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, last week, was not without a certain interest, although it cannot be said to have proved the poetical drama of the middle-Victorian period to be altogether worthy of revival. Dr. Marston's "Donna Diana" is described as an adaptation from Schreyvogel's German version of "El Desden Con el Desden," the work of the seventeenth century Spanish dramatist Moreto. It was first produced in 1864, with Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Vezin in the leading rôles, and Mr. George Vining as the match-making steward or confidential servant, and was last revived in 1881, for a few nights. Time has not dealt gently with this particular "poetical comedy," and at the end of the century it seems separated by but a small space from the stilted phraseology and artificial characterisation of Sheridan Knowles. It is true that many of the lines run trippingly enough on the tongue (when the latter-day players permit), and that much of the dialogue is graceful and polished, but the play as a whole lacks alike the inherent vitality and the true literary flavour which make the poetical drama a living thing, whatever its date. Moreover, "Donna Diana" is not a good stage-play in the mechanical sense. The motive of the action, the wooing, by means of pretended indifference, of a proud princess who scorns the very name of love, is worn threadbare before the play is over. What is practically the same situation is reached several times by the various moves in the strategic game of the conquering wooer, till one is fain to cry with Benvolio: "The date is out of such prolixity." Shaksperian reminiscences are inevitable, for the action recalls at one moment the stormy wooing of Katharine and Petruchio and at another the wordy warfare of Beatrice and Benedick.

Miss Violet Vanbrugh made a very picturesque Donna Diana, with her Titian-red hair and her trailing robes of emerald green or cloth of silver. Her acting, too, was distinguished by much variety of expression and a good deal of charm. Perhaps she took the part a little too seriously and became too much of a tragedy-queen in the stronger scenes, missing somewhat of the fantasy which the play would seem to admit. Still, she certainly increased the fine promise which her several performances have given of late. Mr. Bouchier, on the other hand, was not sufficiently serious or romantic in his more love-sick moments, but in the lighter scenes of railery and mock-indifference he played with excellent effect. Miss Irene Vanbrugh was delightfully saucy as the maid, Floretta, but modernity marred the other impersonations, save Mr. Vibart's Don Luis.

The forthcoming production of Ibsen's latest play, "Little Eyolf," at four matinées beginning on Monday week, is the most interesting as it will be the most discussed theatrical event in the near future. It is a strange irony that makes the Avenue Theatre shelter "Monte Carlo" and "Little Eyolf," representing the extreme poles of the drama; but one does not forget that the playhouse in Northumberland Avenue introduced us to Mr. G. Bernard Shaw's clever comedy "Arms and the Man." Besides the curiosity aroused by the strange play itself comes the added interest of the cast, which numbers a trio of actresses who have never before been seen in conjunction, and who have all made remarkable appearances in their time—Miss Janet Achurch, the pioneer of Nora; Miss Robins, whose "Master Builder" is unforgettable; and Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

ELECTRICAL CABS FOR LONDON.

The cab of the future, not only so far as London is concerned, but every large city throughout the country, is without doubt that propelled by electricity. The advantages of such a method of propulsion are surely too evident to need setting forth at great length; but in view of the novelty of the idea, and the fact that the public have



MR. H. H. MULLINER.

hardly yet become accustomed to looking on the proposal as likely to become an accomplished fact, some particulars of the vehicles of this description which are shortly to be placed at the service of the public should be read with interest.

In appearance the vehicles will be not at all unlike broughams, but more roomy and more comfortable. They are to be strongly and lightly built, of a tasteful and special design, elegantly decorated, upholstered most luxuriously, and illuminated with the electric light, while attention has also been devoted to that most important detail, facility of communication with the driver. In a word, every possible want or convenience of the passenger has been anticipated and provided for.

The adaptability of electricity as a motive power has long since been demonstrated. Its advantages are beyond question. It is noiseless, it gives off no unpleasant smell, and it is under perfect control. It is superior to petroleum in many ways, particularly for use on quick short journeys such as ordinary cabs are called upon to perform; though in this connection it may be stated that at present petroleum may be better suited for the heavier urban work, while the advantages of steam for very heavy vehicles and country travelling cannot be gainsaid. The superiority of electric cabs over those drawn by horse-power must at once attract attention. In the first place, there is no horse to bolt or fall, thereby doing away at once with one fertile source of accidents. In the second place, they will be under far more effective control by the driver than any vehicle now on the streets of London, thus reducing to a minimum the risk of collision, while there is absolutely no possibility of accidents occurring, as they so often do with the present cabs, through the horse moving or shying while the passenger is entering or leaving the vehicle. The new electric cabs are to be fitted with accumulators carried beneath the body of the vehicle, charged to propel it at least forty miles a day,

though accumulators can be charged so as to enable the cab to cover twice that distance.

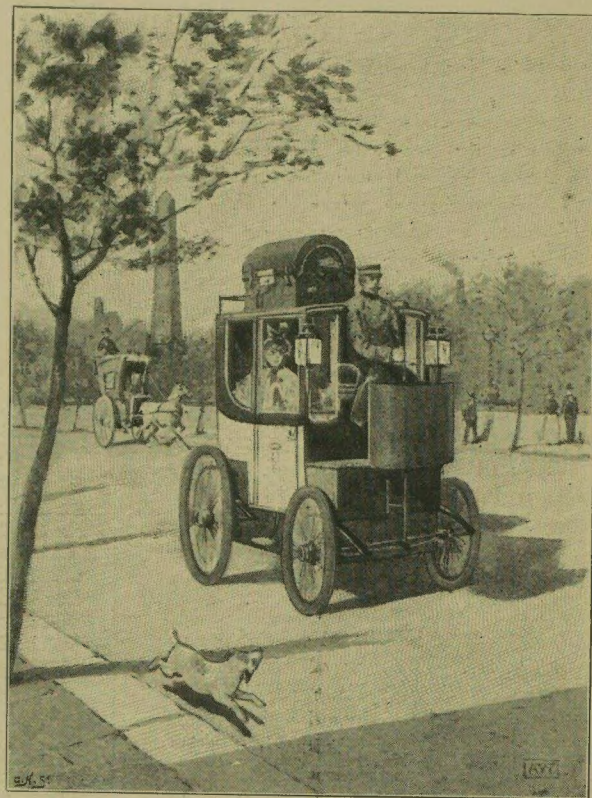
The London Electrical Cab Company, Limited, has been formed, and will shortly be placed before the public, to provide a large number of these cabs. It is to have a capital of £150,000 in £1 shares. A most influential board of directors has been secured, consisting of gentlemen well known in connection with electrical matters and the latest developments and improvements in the way of vehicular construction. The Electric Supply companies have expressed their willingness to co-operate with the new company in the provision of the motive power, and special arrangements have been entered into with the London Electric Supply Corporation, Limited, to supply the electricity at a very low price. There need be no fear of the cabs breaking down, for dépôts are to be established in various parts of London, including the immediate suburbs, and when the driver sees that the force of his motor is about to become exhausted, all he will have to do is to go to the nearest dépôt and get fresh accumulators, the transfer not occupying more than a minute or two at most.

The prospects of the company are excellent; indeed, seldom, if ever, has a novel undertaking been brought forward with promise of a more hopeful and brilliant future. It is estimated by Messrs. Kincaid, Waller, and Manville, the leading experts in connection with electrical traction, that the total cost per cab per day should not exceed 5s. 7½d. Many of the drivers of the hansom cabs at present in use pay daily over three times that sum to the proprietors during the season; but taking only the usual hire of a hansom with two horses, which averages, under the Asquith award, 12s. 2½d. per day, it will at once be seen that if the drivers pay the latter sum for the vehicles of the new company, a very large margin is left as profit.

The company will use the system, now proved to be thoroughly successful, of Mr. W. C. Bersey, A.I.E.E., who has agreed to act as electrical manager, and it will thus have the full benefit of his extensive and practical knowledge. The motor is so constructed that a person having no knowledge of electricity can, with little pains, become an accomplished driver, and it is therefore expected that when the cabs are ready to ply for hire the present cabmen will become the drivers. It only remains to add that everything has been done in accordance with the provisions of the new Act of Parliament, which comes into operation on Nov. 14, and that the police regulations will be rigidly carried out.

In a recent interview Mr. Mulliner made several state-

were first talked about in Paris some three years ago. I was discussing this year with the managing director of the Compagnie Générale des Petites Voitures in Paris certain improvements in their present vehicles, and he told me they were making no alterations to their carriages, as he



EN ROUTE FOR THE RAILWAY STATION.

was quite certain that it is only a matter of a short time for electricity to become their motive power.

"Please do not think I claim to be an electrical authority; on the contrary, I rather boast that I know little about it, so that I am only convinced by results and not influenced by scientific enthusiasm. One thing I do claim to have some knowledge about, and that is what the public want and what will prove profitable in connection with vehicles of any kind. You ought to discuss the subject with our Mr. Bersey, and he would give you all the scientific details, as he has devoted his whole time for

the last eight years to the subject, and has been wonderfully successful."

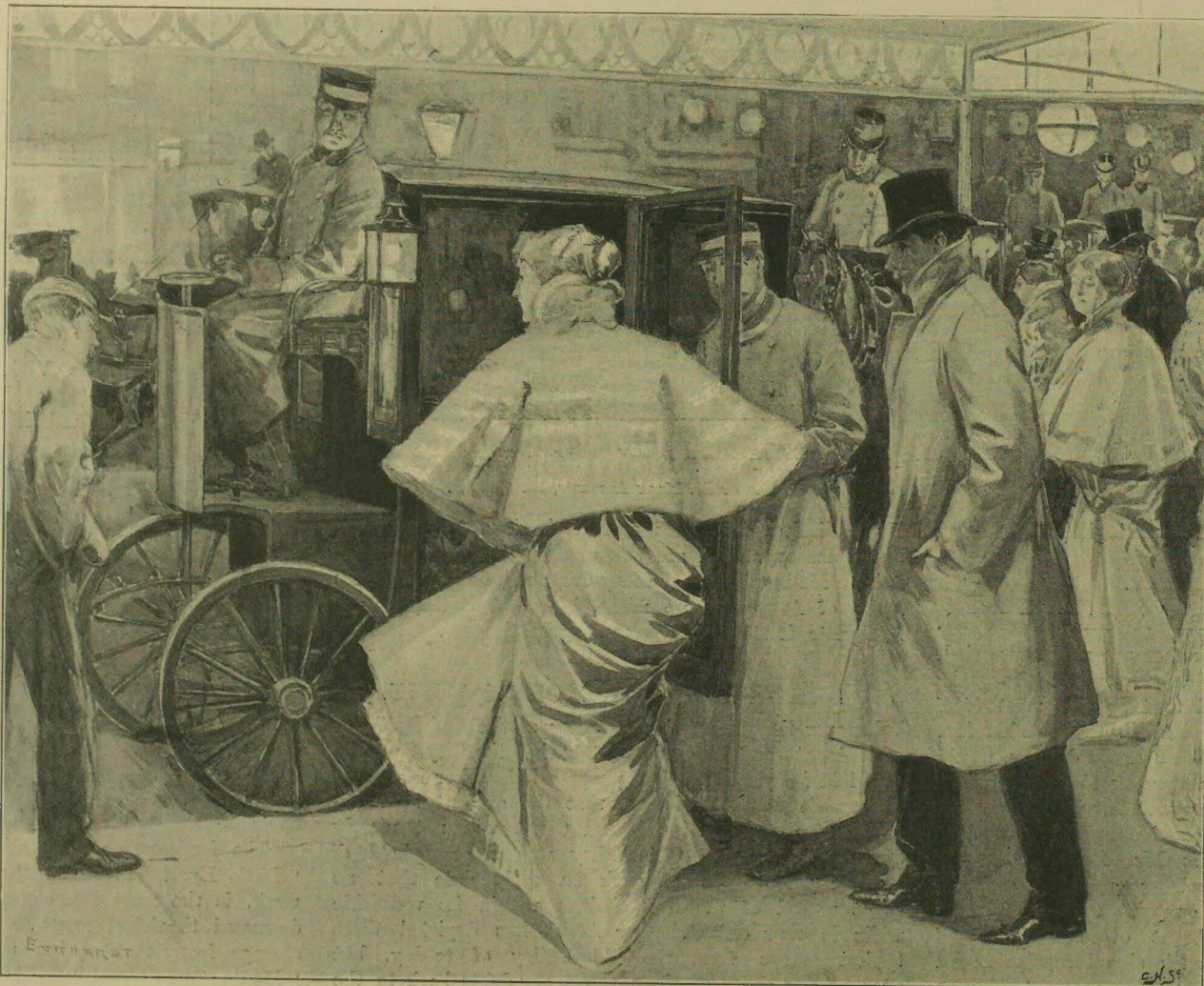
"Are you satisfied that electricity is the coming motor, and not oil or steam?"

"It depends entirely upon what they are wanted for, and where they are to be used. Oil motors are simpler to use for private persons, and for urban districts, whilst steam will be necessary for heavy vehicles; but electricity will undoubtedly be the most advantageous where the traffic can be located within a radius, and the supply of electricity properly controlled. Besides, with electricity there is no smell, no noise, no heat, and no possible danger."

"But is not an Electrical Cab Company rather experimental?"

"Not in the least, and this is the point that I want people to understand. It has been proved that electricity is a success for tramways, and it will be a far greater success for vehicles, as the proportionate amount of accumulators that can be carried compared to the total weight is

greater. My opinions are backed up by all the leading experts on the subject. Think of the advantages electrical cabs have over those at present in use. They are far more under control than any horse-driven vehicles; they can be driven at any speed; and no accidents can arise from horses falling, shying, bolting, or moving when the vehicle is entered."



LEAVING THE THEATRE IN AN ELECTRICAL CAB.

ments which are of interest in the present connection. He said—

"I think I may claim to have been the first to realise the enormous advantages electrical cabs would be in London, and how well they would pay if managed properly. But the idea has been in my mind a long time; I have been studying the subject ever since motor-carriages

LORD MAYOR'S DAY IN LONDON.

The Ninth of November, which was Monday, favoured by fine, bright, and dry weather, drew forth into the main streets from the City to Westminster a greater throng of sightseers than has greeted the annual civic procession, bringing the new Lord Mayor for presentation to the Judges at the Royal Law Courts, on many preceding occasions. The route was from Guildhall by a circuitous course in the City, first through Gresham Street, Wood Street, Fore Street, Moorgate Street, Prince's Street, King William Street, and Mark Lane to the place of business occupied by Mr. Alderman Faudel Phillips and his firm, where he received an address from the Ward of Farringdon Within; thence by Fenchurch Street, Lime Street, Leadenhall Street, Cornhill, the Poultry, Cheapside, and Newgate Street, westward, stopping at Christ's Hospital for an address presented by the scholars; further, by the Old Bailey to Ludgate Hill, and on through Fleet Street and Temple Bar to the Royal Law Courts in the Strand; whence, after the proceedings there the civic pomp went on to Charing Cross, Northumberland Avenue, and the Victoria Embankment, which it traversed in returning eastward to re-enter the City by Queen Victoria Street, and, passing up Queen Street and King Street, to come back to Guildhall. Gay decorations lent brilliance to the pageant at intervals throughout the route, nowhere more profusely than in the Ward of Farringdon Within, which has the Lord Mayor for its Alderman. Side-pavements, doorways, steps, railings, balustrades, windows, balconies, and roofs gave many thousands of spectators room to await the approaching show, which must have been seen

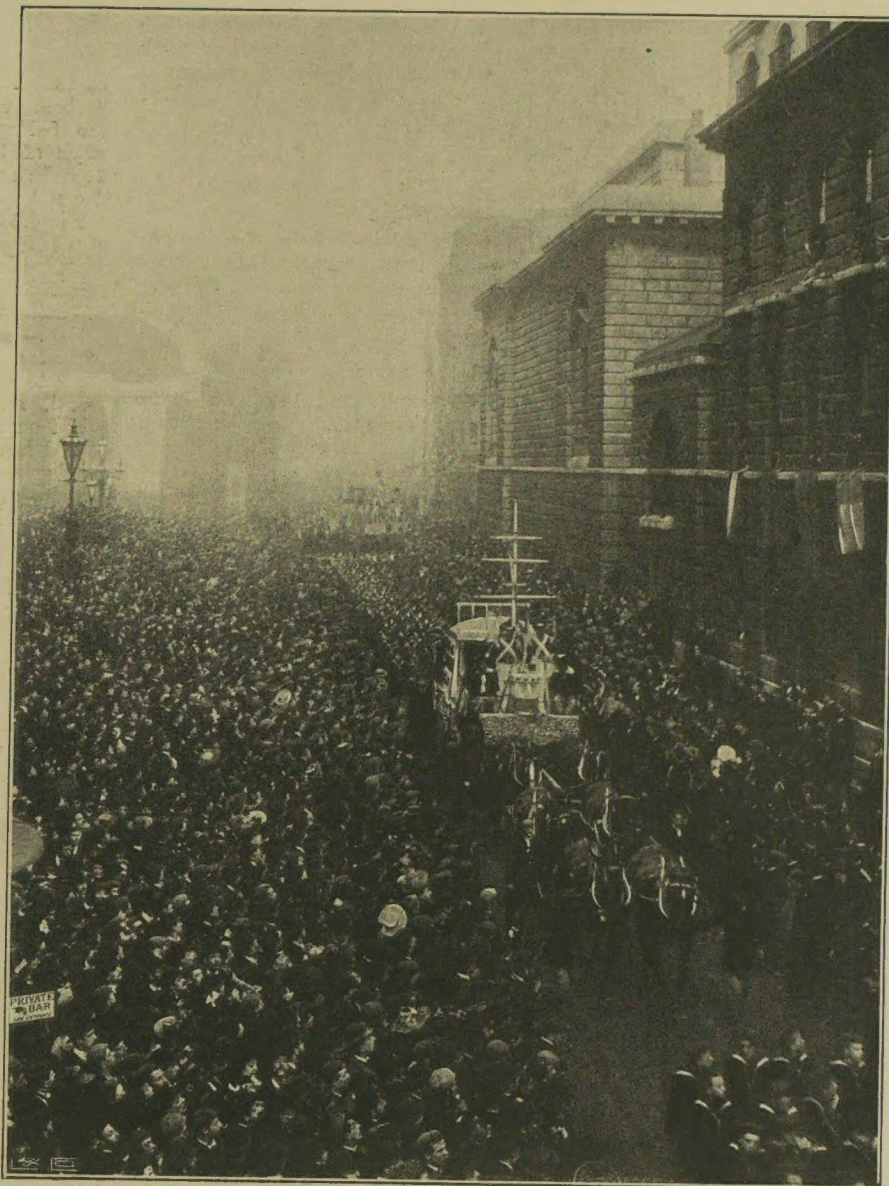
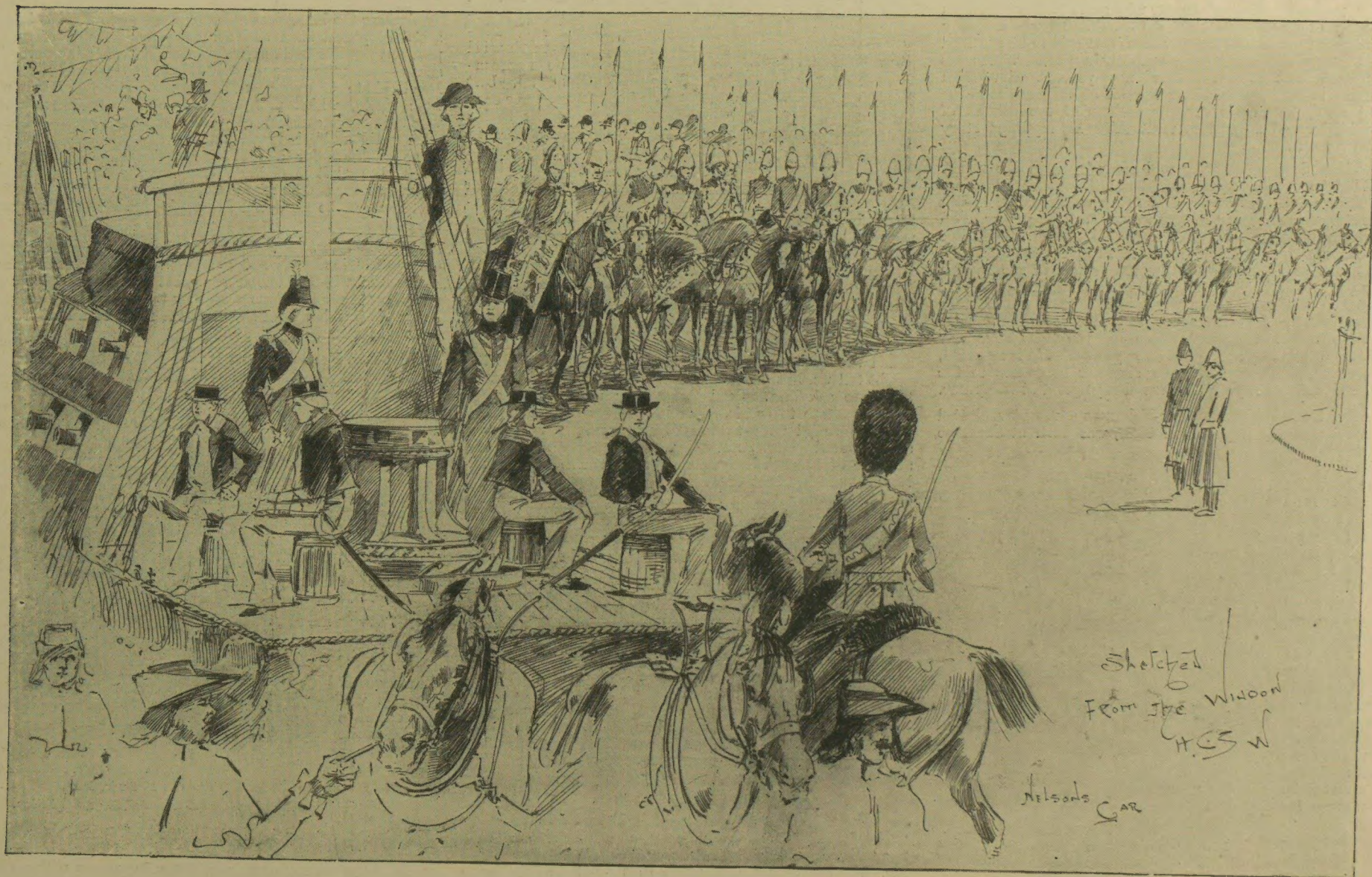


Photo Bolas, Creed Lane.

THE PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH OLD BAILEY.

by hundreds of thousands, and was prepared with more than ordinary taste, skill, and liberality, comprising some novel and interesting devices. Of these may be noticed the triumphal six-horse Army car "England and her Heroes," with soldiers in the early and present uniforms of the Buffs, the Grenadiers, the Black Watch Highlanders, and the Bombay Infantry; the Navy Car, with sailors and admirals in the uniform of Nelson's fleet; and two other military cars in which various regiments, with a mounted gun, were represented; the last of these collections exhibiting a modern Maxim-Nordenfeldt machine-gun; the car-horses being led by men who had recently done the like service in the South African and in the Egyptian campaign. An interesting contrast between past and present means of locomotion was afforded by the Old Times Coach, followed by a motor-car. Twenty-seven military or similar bands accompanied the procession, which, including moreover, as it did, the schoolboys of the naval and commercial marine training-ships, and of other institutions where drill is taught, besides many troops of firemen, metropolitan, suburban, and provincial, was conducted with effective marching regularity. In the front escort were batteries of Royal Artillery, battalions of infantry, and Volunteers. The Lord Mayor, in his state chariot, with his chaplain, sword-bearer, and mace-bearer, had an escort of the Scots Greys. After the return of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, Aldermen and Common Councilmen to Guildhall, there only remained the hospitable civic banquet of the evening, when Lord Salisbury made an important speech on foreign affairs.



THE NELSON CAR AS SEEN FROM THE OFFICE OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

PERSONAL.

The Yorkshire hunting season has been sadly overclouded at its outset by the death of Mr. George Lane-Fox,



Photo Dickinson and Foster, Lond. Street.
THE LATE MR. GEORGE LANE-FOX.

For many years, he rarely missed such London fixtures as the meet of the Four-in-Hand Club in Hyde Park. In his own county he was quite a celebrity as a fine sportsman and a genial speaker at public assemblages of all kinds. At political gatherings he was welcomed by the partisans of principles most directly opposed to his own staunch Toryism, for he was as much respected as an opponent as he was esteemed as a friend. Fifty years ago he was Sheriff of Leitrim, and more recently held the same office for West Yorkshire, and was long a Justice of the Peace for the West Riding. He married a daughter of the late Mr. J. Stein, M.P.

The Prince of Wales has always been attached—especially as a sportsman—to Yorkshire. One of his early visits to it was made under the auspices of the late Archbishop Thomson, but his Royal Highness speedily exchanged Bishopthorpe for the moors. He met the late Mr. George Lane-Fox in those early days, and the acquaintance was renewed from time to time in London. The inscription attached to the wreath sent by the Prince to the tomb of "the last of the squires" represents the feeling of admiration with which "the grand old squire" was regarded in and out of his own county. London was the only capital he knew. Cardinal Newman long ago shut himself in his hotel in Paris; he would not go into the streets of a city desecrated by revolution. Mr. Lane-Fox, who did not approve of Cardinal Newman in any other respect, must have given him his sympathy in this. In fact, he refused ever to set foot in France; and if he had a word to say in criticism of the Prince of Wales, it was because his Royal Highness confessed to feeling quite at home in Paris.

There is considerable stir as to the alleged kidnapping of a priest, one Father Guyot, who came to England with the idea of entering the English Church. He was suddenly summoned back to Alsace, where he is said to be confined in a Trappist monastery, essentially a prisoner. As his supposed imprisonment does not prevent him from writing to his friends, and as there is no evidence as to the real condition of his mind, members of the Church of England would do well to treat the "kidnapping" story with caution.

There does not appear to be any truth in the rather wild statements about the supposed visit of Kaiser William to France during the stay of the Czar on French soil; but the story is still going strong in the Parisian papers, with an accumulating wealth of circumstantial detail. The Kaiser was at the Opéra, and was recognised by Nicholas II.; he was also at Chalons, and saw the review of the French troops. Nay, is it not a fact that official circles at Potsdam did not know what had become of him for several days? All this springs, of course, from the popular belief that the Emperor William, like the British infantry of old, will go anywhere and do anything. He is reported, moreover, to have sent some singular telegrams to the Czar signed "Willy." He was always great at telegrams.

Dr. Federico Errazuriz-y-Echaurren, recently elected President of the Republic of Chili, was born at Santiago



Photo Negretti and Zambra, Crystal Palace.
DR. FEDERICO ERRAZURIZ-Y-ECHAURREN.
President of the Republic of Chili.

in 1850. He studied for the law, and took his degree in 1873, but having little taste for the legal profession, and possessing large estates, he devoted his attention principally to improvements in agriculture. In 1876 he was elected deputy to Congress for the Department of Constitution, and being re-elected in 1879, continued to represent that Department until 1889, when he was chosen as Senator for the Province of Maule. Six years ago, when the conflict between the late President Balmaceda and the Congress assumed alarming proportions, Señor Belisario Prats was summoned by the President to organise a Ministry, and to

Señor Federico Errazuriz was confided the difficult and ungrateful post of Minister of War. In this capacity he displayed remarkable tact and energy.

In 1891 Señor Prats' Ministry resigned, and when the revolution broke out soon afterwards, Señor Federico Errazuriz at once declared himself on the side of the revolutionary party. When the contest ended in favour of Congress, he took the foremost part in proclaiming the necessity of a policy of "forget and forgive." His election as President has proved popular with all classes of Chilians, and his watchword of "Peace and Progress" is likely to meet with general respect. He is the second member of his family to be President of Chili, as his father held similar office from 1871 to 1875.

The agitation in favour of Captain Dreyfus continues to grow. A pamphlet published at Brussels makes some statements which the French Government may have to meet. It is said that Captain Dreyfus was condemned on the strength of an incriminatory document in his handwriting, but the experts were at variance about the writing of the document offering for sale certain State papers of which he had no cognisance. What authority the writer of the pamphlet may have it is impossible to say, but this is one of the cases in which a secret trial breeds endless conjectures and gives to the condemned all the advantage of uncertainty. Moreover, Captain Dreyfus owes not a little to the assumption in some journals that he may have been guilty because he is a Jew.

The British officer captured by Turkish brigands has been released on the payment of £120. Considering that the original ransom demanded was £10,000, this bargain does great credit to the shrewdness of the local authorities, who have paid the money and pardoned the brigands. At the same time, the transaction increases the suspicion that the authorities have closer relations with Captain Marriott's captors than is customary according to Western ideas of the administration of justice. We should like to know how much the local Pasha has received of that £120 by way of rebate.

There was a suggestion in Lord Esher's speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet that the Master of the Rolls is contemplating retirement. Lord Esher is now eighty-one years old. He has held his present office since 1883, but he was a Judge—and a good Judge too—as far back as 1868. The talk of Sir Richard Webster as his probable successor is reviving.

Mr. H. M. Bompas, Q.C., who has been appointed County Court Judge for the Bradford district in succession



Photo Russe, Baker Street.
MR. H. M. BOMPAS, Q.C.

to Judge Gates, who recently resigned his office, is now sixty years of age, and has earned the reputation of being a very able lawyer. His picketing decision while Recorder of Plymouth will be remembered, but not necessarily to his disfavour in the light of an active career, which has commanded general respect. Mr. Bompas is a leading member of the Baptist community, and has on occasion taken the chair at gatherings of the "Lawyers' Prayer Union." His father, once well known as Serjeant Bompas, was always said to have been the original of Charles Dickens's immortal Serjeant Buzfuz.

Does the Army appreciate its laureate? Perhaps Mr. Kipling himself could hardly say; and hardly two officers, asked the question, have a like reply. Lord Wolseley might tell us, but there are reasons why it would hardly be fair to ask him. Lord Roberts, on different grounds, might hesitate to speak. For his praises of Mr. Kipling might be called "log-rolling" by rude people, who would add, "Bobs! you do advertise!" Whatever may be the attitude of English barrack-rooms towards the "Barrack-Room Ballads," that of Indian barrack-rooms is beyond doubt. Tommy Atkins in India is a Kiplingite, and he does not think his library complete until it has all that Mr. Kipling has published in book form.

Mr. Poynter has been receiving the usual visits of congratulation from his brother Academicians. Placed in the presidential chair by a sufficiently decisive majority, he is not likely to have much trouble as a ruler. There have been two sensational Presidents in succession at Burlington House, sensational in their attainments and in the circumstances attending their deaths. Now the turn has come for quiet times. If Mr. Poynter plays the part of a reformer at all, it will not be at the cost of the Forty. The outsider, if anyone, will feel the new hand, and be "disappointed," as *Punch* used to say; for as a hanger, the new President is rather good at rejecting, and vacant wall-space is less of a desert in his eyes than is wall-space covered with doubtful works of art.

Messrs. Macmillan have this week issued a work on the Buddhist Praying-Wheel; it includes material on "The Symbolism of the Wheel" and "Circular Movements in Custom and Religious Ritual." The author is Mr. William Simpson, a name that must be familiar to readers of *The Illustrated London News* as one of our Special Artists. Much of the curious information in this book—which is also illustrated by the author—has been gathered by him in the many visits he has made to distant lands; particularly to the East, in the service of this paper. A more detailed notice of this work will shortly be given.

Mr. Thomas Graham Jackson, A.R.A., who has been advanced to full Academical honours, is the son of Mr.

Hugh Jackson, and was born at Hampstead in 1835. He might have been and probably was the fellow-pupil of the new President at Brighton College, where both received part of their education. Mr. Jackson went to Oxford, and entered Wadham College, of which, after taking his degree, he became a Fellow, devoting himself much to antiquarian research. The year in which he graduated in the classical schools was one of great men, for the Class Lists contained, among others, the names of Charles Bowen (afterwards Lord Bowen), Mr. Albert V. Dicey, Mr. D. Fearon, Professor T. E. Holland, and Dr. Percival, Bishop of Hereford. Mr. Jackson, having completed his classical course, applied himself to architecture, studying in this country and abroad.

After Mr. Jackson had learnt his profession he drifted back almost automatically to his old University, and there found full scope for his talents in the building of "New" Oxford, which began about twenty years ago. His most important and in many ways his most successful work was that of the "New Schools" in the High Street, on the site of the old Angel Hotel, and the new buildings of Balliol, Trinity, Brasenose, and Hertford Colleges, and for these he obtained in 1892 the well deserved distinction of an Associateship. More recently he has been engaged in restoring the spire of St. Mary's, a delicate task, which has been carried out with due regard to the intention of the original architect. Mr. Jackson's only rival in the building of new Oxford is Mr. Basil Champneys, to whom the new quadrangle of New College, the Indian Institute, and Mansfield Colleges are due. But Mr. Champneys's name is more closely associated with Cambridge. By a curious coincidence two important private buildings in Kensington—Mr. Athelstan Riley's house and the Palace Hotel—almost facing one another, are respectively the work of Mr. Jackson and Mr. Champneys, the former now a Royal Academician, while the latter's name has never been put forward for Associateship. Mr. Jackson married, in 1880, a daughter of Mr. William Lambard, of Beechwood, Sevenoaks, a family connected with Kent for several centuries.

Among the latest inventions calculated to accelerate the speed of pedestrians, and at the same time to afford a pleasant pastime and an invigorating exercise, is the road-skate—an ingenious contrivance manufactured by the Road-Skate Company, 271, Oxford Street, London, W. This skate, which is light and extremely comfortable when in use, consists of two miniature cycle-wheels with solid rubber tyres, an automatic brake, and an acme skeleton for a foot-rest. Proficiency is easily attained, and it is claimed that from twelve to sixteen miles an hour can be accomplished by any ordinary person, so there can be no doubt as to the ultimate popularity of the road-skate.

The managers of the Holborn Restaurant have lately enlarged their already spacious premises, and opened a new grill-room, which is one of the most comfortable places of refreshment for the inner man now to be found in London. A new feature has been added in the form of a half-crown table d'hôte lunch.

The Rev. Herbert Edward Ryle, D.D., who has recently been elected President of Queen's College, Cambridge,

in succession to the late Dr. Campion, has for some time been a well-known personality in the University as Hulsean Professor of Divinity. It is understood that his appointment to the Presidency of Queen's will not entail a change in the Professorship, which Dr. Ryle will continue to hold, with the full approval of the Fellows of Queen's College. One of the reasons for this arrangement is the decrease in the finances of Queen's, which, in common with many other colleges both at Cambridge and at Oxford, has suffered severely from the agricultural depression of recent times, much of its property consisting in land which has sadly deteriorated in value. Dr. Ryle is a Fellow of King's College, and one of her Majesty's honorary chaplains.

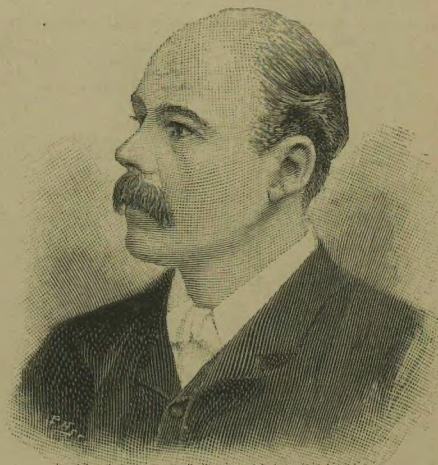


Photo Russell, Baker Street.
THE REV. H. E. RYLE, D.D.,
New President of Queen's College, Cambridge.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen left Balmoral for Windsor at the end of this week, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg and the royal children. The Queen last week received the happy news of the birth of two more great-grandchildren; her granddaughter, Princess Frederick Charles of Hesse, youngest sister of the Emperor William II., had given birth to twin boys at her home in Germany.

The Prince of Wales, with the Princess of Wales and a family party at Sandringham, kept his birthday on Monday, Nov. 9, the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke and Duchess of Fife, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, being the chief guests belonging to the family, while the other visitors included Lord Salisbury, the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, the Russian Ambassador, with his wife and daughter, and the Right Rev. Dr. Mandell Creighton, appointed Bishop of London.

The Duke of Connaught has returned to England from Vienna, where he attended the wedding of the Duke and Duchess of Orleans.

On Saturday at Guildhall the new Lord Mayor of London, Alderman Faudel Phillips, after breakfasting at the Mansion House with the retiring Lord Mayor, Sir Walter Wilkin, the Lady Mayoress, the Sheriffs, Aldermen, and officers of the Corporation, was formally installed in office, the Town Clerk and Chamberlain performing the customary acts upon this occasion. The reception of the new Lord Mayor of London by Mr. Justice Hawkins and other Judges at the Royal Courts of Justice on Monday, with the usual City procession called "the Lord Mayor's Show" and the civic banquet at Guildhall on Monday evening, were naturally regarded with more popular attention.

An important Conference of members of the Church Convocation of the clergy and laity of the dioceses of Canterbury and York was held on two days last week at the Church House, Westminster, the Archbishop of York presiding, to consider the terms which they would request for the intended Government measure of assistance to the Voluntary schools. The Archbishop-Designate of Canterbury, the Right Rev. Dr. Temple, was the leading spokesman, while Lord Cross, Lord Cranbrook, Lord Cranborne, Sir John Kennaway, and other laymen joined in the discussions. Resolutions were passed, to be laid before her Majesty's Ministers by the two Archbishops.

The East Bradford election, contested between Captain the Hon. Ronald Greville, the Conservative candidate, and Mr. Arthur Billson, solicitor, of Liverpool, candidate of the Liberal party, with Mr. Keir Hardie as the "Labour" working-men's representative, has resulted, by the polling on Tuesday, in the return of Captain Greville.

Lord Balfour of Burleigh (Conservative), Secretary for Scotland, was elected on Saturday Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh by the votes of the students, receiving 990 votes against 771 given to the Liberal party candidate, Mr. R. B. Haldane, Q.C., M.P. for Haddingtonshire.

Election of Mayors on Monday last in all the boroughs and cities of England and Wales returned 167 Conservatives, 26 Liberal Unionists, 113 Liberals, and 7 non-political. There were many re-elections; some for the third year. The Duke of Norfolk is re-elected Mayor of Sheffield, the Earl of Warwick is again Mayor of Warwick, Earl Dudley is Mayor of Dudley, the Marquis of Zetland is Mayor of Richmond (Yorkshire), Lord Wimborne Mayor of Poole, Lord Sandwich of Huntingdon, and Lord Llangattock of Monmouth; the Marquis of Bute, who was Mayor of Cardiff, becomes Provost of Rothesay.

The buildings in Golden Lane, Cripplegate, erected and endowed at a cost of £50,000, mainly provided by the City Parochial Charities Commissioners, for a free library and reading and concert-rooms, classes, or lectures, were opened by the Lord Mayor, with Mr. H. E. Felton, Chairman of the Governors of the "Cripplegate Foundation," Mr. J. Bryce, M.P., and others, including Mr. Passmore Edwards, who has just offered a gift of £10,000 to the parish of Islington for similar purposes.

It was recently acknowledged that fifty-two separate local institutions, free libraries, schools, orphanages, and cottage hospitals in London and in the suburbs, and in different parts of England, have received large pecuniary aid, often the full cost of their buildings, from the personal munificence of Mr. Passmore Edwards, who, though he does not affect to "do good by stealth," is the most unostentatious man in the world.

A great fire, on Saturday night, on the Southwark bank of the Thames, near Blackfriars Bridge, destroyed most part of the buildings, with contents, of Messrs. Shand and Mason's factory of fire-engines. Commander Wells, R.N., the new Chief Officer of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, turned out with large forces and engines, on land and afloat, to subdue the reckless foe of civilised communities; but this factory, with thirty or forty engines half-constructed or under repair, became for awhile the spoil of that natural enemy against whom it furnishes the best weapons that we yet possess.

An alarming landslip has commenced at the Undercliff, east of Folkestone, near the South-Eastern Railway tunnel to Dover, much resembling the landslip at Sandgate, west of Folkestone, three years ago, threatening a wide upheaval of the shore, with the fall of millions of tons of earth into the sea.

Foreign affairs look somewhat more promising. The French Senate and Chamber of Deputies have reassembled, with complacent reading of the Czar's letter to President Faure, thanking fair France, and admiring her "beautiful capital," after his Imperial Majesty's cordial welcome there. Her Government, acting through M. Hanotaux, has come forward, with apparent earnestness of purpose, in demanding of the Sultan nine precise measures of reform in the Turkish Empire, which the Sultan has formally conceded. These are the immediate release, in Constantinople and in the provinces, of all the prisoners not charged with crimes, and that orders be given not to persecute any peaceful Armenians; the convocation of the Armenian Assembly to elect a Patriarch; the punishment or trial of Colonel Mazhar Bey for the murder of Father Salvator; the dismissal of the Police Prefect of Constantinople, and Anis Pasha, Vali of Diarbekir, for their conduct in the recent outrages and massacres; special orders to all the Valis to prevent any fresh acts of violence; the Turkish Government to bear the cost of repairing the ruined Roman Catholic convents in Asia Minor, and to distribute relief to some destitute populations suffering from the recent attacks of Mohammedan fanaticism and of Kurdish or Albanian rapacity. Moreover, the prompt execution of the organic reforms conceded last year to the six Armenian Vilayets, and their extension to the other provinces of the Turkish Empire, is demanded by France.

If these stipulations be really carried into effect, with the alternatives put before the Sultan of a combined French and British naval demonstration at the Dardanelles, unopposed by Russia and the other Powers, French diplomacy will claim a triumph; but it is difficult to see that any of them, except the last-mentioned, afford valid

France, Germany, and other foreign communities, though it was not likely to continue long. It is said that Mr. Whitelaw Reid, ex-Vice-President and ex-Minister to France, will be appointed American Ambassador to Great Britain when Mr. McKinley assumes office as President.

An extraordinary general meeting of the British South Africa Company, held on Nov. 6 at the Cannon Street Hotel, the Duke of Abercorn in the chair, with the Duke of Fife, Earl Gifford, Sir Horace Farquhar, and the other present directors, resolved upon raising additional capital to the amount of one million sterling, by the issue of £2 shares, a portion of these—namely, 300,000 shares, being assured by underwriters. This additional capital is required to meet the expenses and losses caused by the Matabili and Mashona insurrection in "Rhodesia," not including any compensation which may be demanded for Dr. Jameson's inroad into the Transvaal. The Company's capital account will henceforth stand at three and a half millions sterling.

The latest news from South Africa reports a final interview and satisfactory settlement between the British Company's Administrator, Earl Grey, accompanied by Mr. Cecil Rhodes, Mr. J. Colenbrander, Sir Charles Metcalf, and others, with all the leading Matabili Indunas or Chiefs lately in arms fighting against British rule in the Matoppo hill district. They agreed to submit and to dwell quietly at the places appointed for them. Some of these chiefs, named Gambo, Faku, Umjaan, Sekombo, Dhlisa, and "Somnambula"—not the heroine of the Italian romantic opera—were appointed tribal native magistrates, and were each presented with a horse and saddle to act under the white man's government. There was a distribution of blankets, flour, and money to their families and people. Lord Grey and Mr. Rhodes have left Buluwayo for Salisbury, to arrange the final settlement of Mashonaland, where only a few scattered bands of insurgents now remain lurking among the rocks.

The arrival in England, for a short visit, of General Sir Herbert Kitchener, the Sirdar of the Egyptian Army, brings fresh assurance of the advantageous position that has been gained by his recent campaign on the Upper Nile. The fertile and well-cultivated land about Dongola, where the native people are now settling again, rejoicing in their deliverance from the Dervishes, is likely, after a year or two, to pay the expenses of its government. The new Egyptian frontier is very strong, with garrisons at Dongola, at Debeh, its most southerly point, at Merawi, and Korti. Between Wady Halfa and Dongola, along those parts of the Nile which are not navigable, there will be 210 miles of railway, of which 135 miles are already completed. The river beyond Dongola, as far as Merawi, 180 miles, is patrolled by gun-boats. Above Merawi and Korti, there are cataracts for a hundred miles, with the desert on each hand; the Dervishes are at Abu Hamed and Berber. Sir Herbert Kitchener says that the presence of the Indian troops in the Eastern Sudan was a great advantage to his operations on the Nile. The Khedive is delighted with the behaviour of the Egyptian troops, whose discipline was perfect, and who were most eager to fight, while their general health, except during the cholera, was better than when in barracks. The Egyptian army will next year be increased, and a further advance may then be made to Berber, and perhaps to Khartoum. If the Dervishes were driven from Omdurman they would probably retire to their own country, to Kordofan, Darfour, or the Bahr-el-Gazal, leaving the White Nile.

The South Australian Government Bill for the restriction of the immigration of coloured races has been read a second time without division in the House of Assembly.

PRESIDENT KRUGER'S BIRTHDAY.

President Kruger's seventy-first birthday, which was celebrated last month by many congratulations from far and near, found the veteran statesman more of a celebrity than any previous anniversary of his birth. It is curious to consider how little interest the average European took in African affairs generally or Transvaal politics in particular a year ago, and then to realise in retrospect what an absorbing centre of interest such matters have been for Englishmen, and even for other European nations, during a considerable portion of the twelve months that are now nearing their close. Mr. Kruger's position remains unique in spite of recent changes in the Transvaal Administration. The Volksraad is becoming stronger as an expression of the popular will, and is therefore increasing its hold over the Presidential authority, but Mr. Kruger's continuance in office for fifteen years has given him an influence in the Transvaal Government far exceeding alike his own formulated power and such power as any succeeding President is likely to possess.

Our Illustration shows President Kruger sitting beside the two life-size lions, sculptured in marble, which were presented to him by Mr. Barney Barnato the other day as a birthday gift and a memento of the settlement of the reform troubles of 1893. These lions have been placed in front of the Presidency, where they have attracted much admiration.

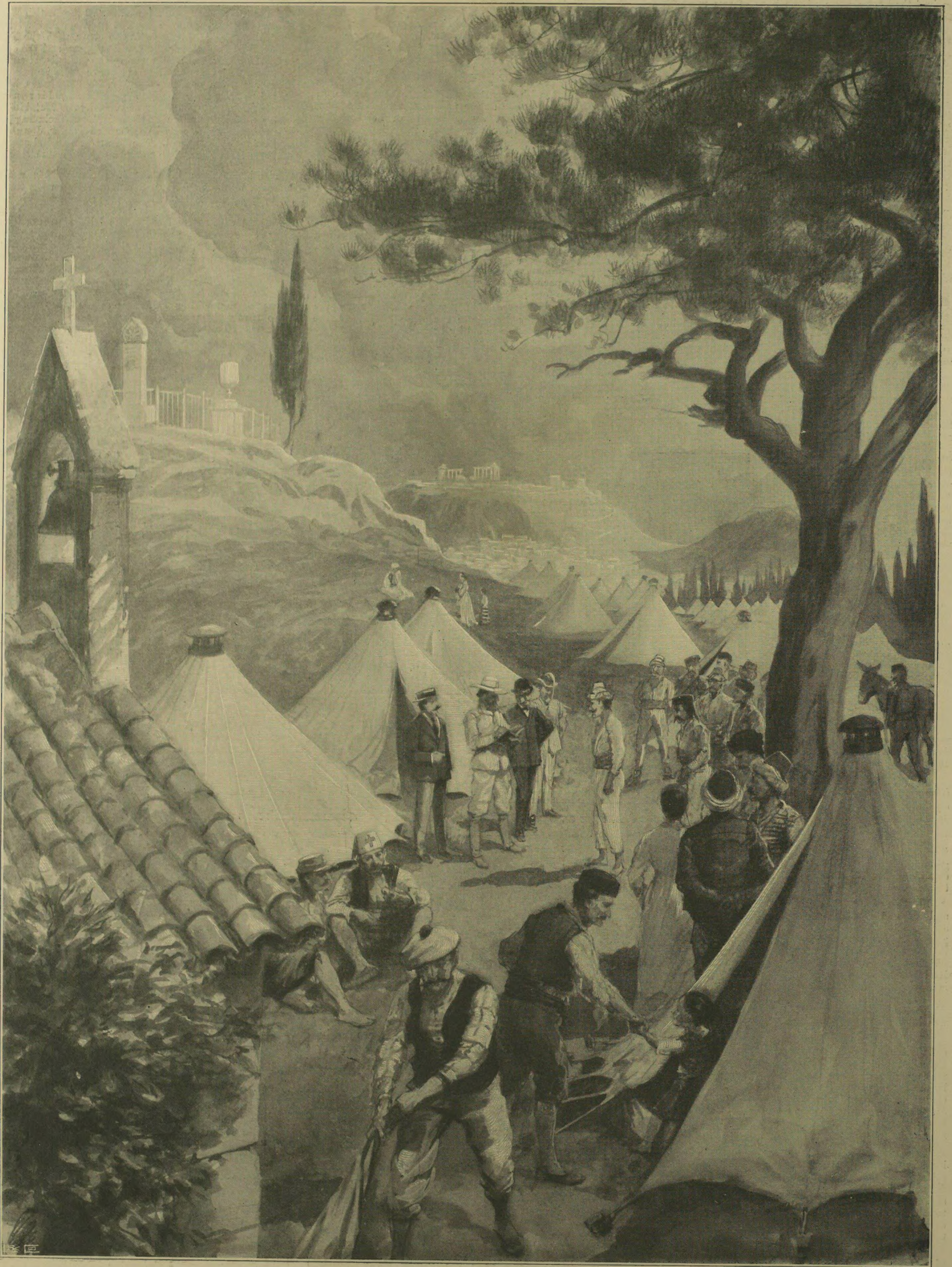


PRESIDENT KRUGER ON HIS SEVENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY, WITH THE MARBLE LIONS PRESENTED TO HIM BY MR. BARNEY BARNATO.

From a Photograph by Mr. Leo Weintal, Pretoria.

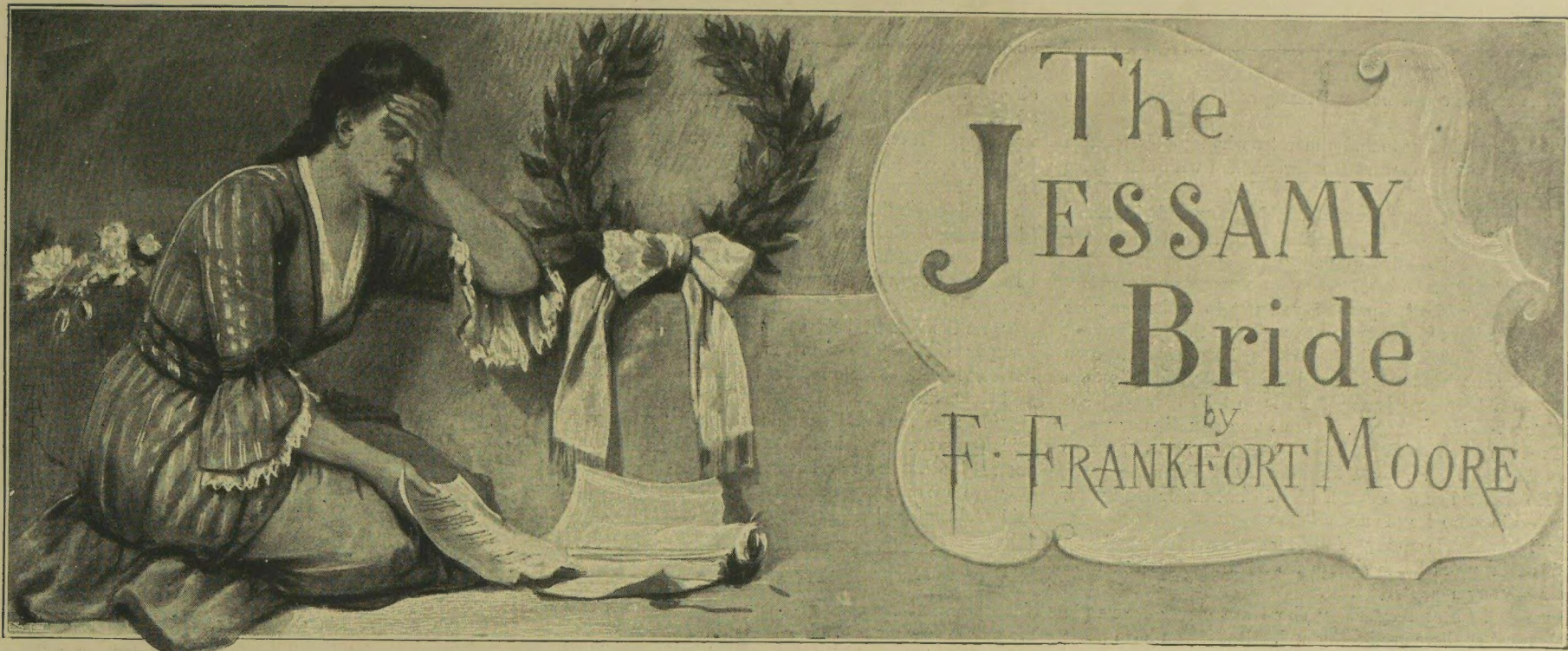
security against the recurrence of the worst oppression of the Sultan's Christian subjects when the pressure of foreign remonstrances shall have been relaxed. Apart from Constantinople, where the immediate presence and the personal rule of the Sultan, with an obedient garrison, render him directly answerable for the outrages committed there, it is probable that a host of unpaid Turkish officials, and an unpaid army, hold many provincial districts at their mercy, allying themselves, for practices of terrorism and extortion, with the lawless chiefs of plundering and slaughtering barbarian races, and that the Porte cannot stop their malpractices without the financial means of paying them off. This necessity being well understood, there is now some talk of a scheme for enabling the Turkish Government to raise a big loan—at least fifty millions sterling, with a guarantee by all the European Powers—to be expended in a thorough reform of its internal administration, with a permanent European official control, more or less resembling that exercised by English officials in Egypt. Such a project is evidently quite premature, and remote from the present councils of the Great Powers, whose diverse interests and pretensions are far from being reconciled to harmonious action for a common end.

The effects of the American Presidential election—that is to say, the signal defeat of the Silver Currency or Semi-Repudiation Debtor Principle all over the United States—have been remarkably felt in stimulating financial and commercial credit, not only in that country, but in European mercantile circles, notwithstanding the expectation of a Protectionist tariff from the ascendancy of Mr. McKinley's party in the next Congress. From Wednesday to Saturday last week, the banking, stockholding, and trading classes of New York and all the large cities showed increasing business activity and renewed confidence, while there was a fresh demand for the staple commodities, wool, cotton, and iron, an advance of mining and building projects, and a resumption of work in factories giving employment to a hundred thousand hands; large orders were also given for goods from Europe, to be imported before the imposition of a higher tariff, and this had its influence upon manufacturers and merchants in Great Britain,



ARMENIAN REFUGEES NOW ENCAMPED ON THE HILL OF COLONUS, NEAR ATHENS.

From a Sketch by the Rev. A. Bouchier, Chaplain of H.M.S. "Hood."



ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

CHAPTER XVI.

Goldsmith felt that the result of his interview with Mary was to render more mysterious than ever the question which he had hoped to solve.

He wondered if he was more clumsy of apprehension than other men, as he had come away from her without learning her secret. He was shrewd enough to know that the majority of men to whom he might give a detailed account of his interview with the girl—a detailed account of his observation of her upon the appearance of Captain Jackson, first at the Pantheon, then in the Green Room of Covent Garden—would have no trouble whatever in accounting for her behaviour upon both occasions. He could see the shrugs of the cynical, the head-shakings of those who professed to be vastly grieved.

Ah, they did not know this one girl. They were ready to lump all womankind together and to suppose that it would be impossible for one woman to be swayed by other impulses than were common to womankind generally.

But he knew this girl, and he felt that it was impossible to believe that she was otherwise than good. Nothing would force him to think anything of evil regarding her.

"She is not as others," was the phrase that was in his mind—the thought that was in his heart.

He did not pause to reflect upon the strangeness of the circumstance that when a man wishes to think the best of a woman he says she is not as other women are.

He did not know enough of men and women to be aware of the fact that when a man makes up his mind that a woman is altogether different from other women, he loves that woman.

He felt greatly grieved to think that he had been unable to search out the heart of her mystery; but the more he recalled of the incidents that had occurred upon the two occasions when that man Jackson had been in the same apartment as Mary Horneck, the more convinced he became that the killing of that man would tend to a happy solution of the question which was puzzling him.

After giving this subject all his thought for the next day or two, he went to his friend Baretto, and presented him with tickets for one of the author's nights for "She Stoops to Conquer." Baretto was a well-known personage in the best literary society in London, having consolidated his reputation by the publication of his English and Italian Dictionary. He had been Johnson's friend since his first exile from Italy, and it was through his influence Baretto, on the formation of the Royal Academy, had been appointed Secretary for Foreign Correspondence. To Johnson also he owed the more remunerative appointment of Italian tutor at the Thrales'. He had frequently dined with Goldsmith at his chambers.

Baretto expressed himself grateful for the tickets, and complimented the author of the play upon his success.

"If one may measure the success of a play by the amount of envy it creates in the breasts of others, yours is a huge triumph," said the Italian.

"Yes," said Goldsmith quickly, "that is just what I wish to have a word with you about. The fact is, Baretto, I am not so good a swordsman as I should be."

"What," cried Baretto, smiling as he looked at the man before him, who had certainly not the physique of the ideal swordsman. "What, do you mean to fight your detractors? Take my advice, my friend, let the pen be your weapon if such is your intention. If you are attacked with the pen you should reply with the same weapon, and with it you may be pretty certain of victory."

"Ah, yes; but there are cases—well, one never knows what may happen, and a man in my position should be prepared for any emergency. I can do a little sword play—enough to enable me to face a moderately good antagonist.

A pair of coxcombs insulted me a few days ago and I retorted in a way that I fancy might be thought effective by some people."

"How did you retort?"

"Well, I warned the passers-by that the pair were pick-pockets disguised as gentlemen."

"Bacchus! An effective retort! And then——"

"Then I turned down a side street and half drew my



He took the "Packet." . . . He held it up to the light; he even smiled, after a manner, as he read the thing.

sword; but, after making a feint of following me, they gave themselves over to a bout of swearing and went on. What I wish is to be directed by you to any compatriot of yours who would give me lessons in fencing. Do you know of any first-rate master of the art in London?"

The Italian could not avoid laughing, Goldsmith spoke so seriously.

"You would like to find a maestro who would be capable of turning you into a first-rate swordsman within the space of a week?"

"Nay, Sir, I am not unreasonable: I would give him a fortnight."

"Better make it five years."

"Five years?"

"My dear friend, I pray of you not to make me your first victim if I express to you my opinion that you are not the sort of man who can be made a good swordsman. You were born, not made, a poet, and let me tell you that a man must be a born swordsman if he is to take a front place among swordsmen. I am in the same situation as yourself: I am so short-sighted I could make no stand against an antagonist. No, Sir, I shall never kill a man."

He laughed as men laugh who do not understand what fate has in store for them.

"I have made up my mind to have some lessons," said Goldsmith, "and I know there are no better teachers than your countrymen, Baretta."

"Psha!" said Baretta. "There are clever fencers in Italy, just as there are in England. But if you have made up your mind to have an Italian teacher, I shall find out one for you and send him to your chambers. If you are wise, however, you will stick to your pen, which you wield with such dexterity, and leave the more harmless weapon to others of coarser fibre than yourself."

"There are times when it is necessary for the most pacific of men—nay, even an Irishman—to show himself adroit with a sword," said Goldsmith; "and so I shall be for ever grateful to you for your services towards this end."

He was about to walk away when a thought seemed to strike him.

"You will add to my debt to you if you allow this matter to go no further than ourselves. You can understand that I have no particular wish to place myself at the mercy of Dr. Johnson or Garrick," said he. "I fancy I can see Garrick's mimicry of a meeting between me and a fencing master."

"I shall keep it a secret," laughed Baretta; "but mind, Sir, when you run your first man through the vitals you need not ask me to attend the Court as a witness as to your pacific character."

(When the two did appear in Court it was Goldsmith that had been called as a witness on behalf of Baretta, who stood in the dock charged with the murder of a man.)

He felt very much better after leaving Baretta. He felt that he had taken at least one step on behalf of Mary Horneck. He knew his own nature so imperfectly that he thought if he were to engage in a duel with Captain Jackson and disarm him he would not hesitate to run him through a vital part.

He returned to his chambers and found awaiting him a number of papers containing some flattering notices of his comedy, and lampoons upon Colman for his persistent ill-treatment of the play. In fact, the topic of the town was Colman's want of judgment in regard to this matter, and so strongly did the critics and the lampooners, malicious as well as genial, express themselves, that the manager found life in London unbearable. He posted off to Bath, but only to find that his tormentors had taken good care that his reputation should precede him thither. His chastisement with whips in London was mild in comparison with his chastisement with scorpions at Bath; and now Goldsmith found waiting for him a letter from the unfortunate man imploring the poet to intercede for him, and get the lampooners to refrain from molesting him further.

If Goldsmith had been in a mood to appreciate a triumph he would have enjoyed reading this letter from the man who had given him so many months of pain. He was not, however, in such a mood. He looked for his triumph in another direction.

After dressing he went to the Mitre for dinner, and found in the tavern several of his friends. Cradock had run up from the country, and with him was Whiteford and Richard Burke.

He was rather chilled at his reception by the party. They were all clearly ill at ease in his presence for some reason of which he was unaware; and when he began to talk of the criticisms which his play had received, the uneasiness of his friends became more apparent.

He could stand this unaccountable behaviour no longer, and inquired what was the reason of their treating him so coldly.

"You were talking about me just before I entered," said he: "I always know on entering a room if my friends have been talking about me. Now, may I ask what this admirable party were saying regarding me? Tell it to me in your own way. I don't charge you to be frank with me. Frankness I hold to be an excellent cloak for one's real opinion. Tell me all that you can tell—as simply as you can—without prejudice to your own reputation for oratory, Richard. What is the matter, Sir?"

Richard Burke usually was the merriest of the company,

and the most fluent. But now he looked down, and the tone was far from persuasive in which he said—

"You may trust—whatever may be spoken, or written, about you, Goldsmith—we are your unalterable friends."

"Psha, Sir!" cried Goldsmith, "don't I know that already? Were you not all my friends in my day of adversity, and do you expect me suddenly to overthrow all my ideas of friendship by assuming that now that I have bettered my position in the world my friends will be less friendly?"

"Goldsmith," said Steevens, "we received a copy of the *London Packet* half an hour before you entered. We were discussing the most infamous attack that has ever been made upon a distinguished man of letters which it contains."

"At the risk of being thought a conceited puppy, Sir, I suppose I may assume that the distinguished man of letters which the article refers to is none other than myself," said Goldsmith.

"It is a foul and scurrilous slander upon you, Sir," said Steevens. "It is the most contemptible thing ever penned by that scoundrel Kenrick."

"Do not annoy yourselves on my account, gentlemen," said Goldsmith. "You know how little I think of anything that Kenrick may write of me. Once I made him eat his words, and the fit of indigestion that that operation caused him is still manifest in all he writes about me. I tell you that it is out of the power of that cur to cause me any inconvenience. Where is the *Packet*?"

"There is no gain in reading such contemptible stuff," said Cradock. "Take my advice, Goldsmith, do not seek to become aware of the precise nature of that scoundrel's slanders."

"Nay, to shirk them would be to suggest that they have the power to sting me," replied Goldsmith. "And so, Sir, let me have the *Packet*, and you shall see me read the article without blenching. I tell you, Mr. Cradock, no man of letters is deserving of an eulogy who is scared by a detraction."

"Nay, Goldsmith, but one does not examine under a magnifying glass the garbage that a creature of the kennel flings at one," said Steevens.

"Come, Sirs, I insist," cried Goldsmith. "Why do I waste time with you?" he added, turning round and going to the door of the room. "I waste time here when I can read the *Packet* in the bar."

"Hold, Sir," said Burke. "Here is the thing. If you will read it, you would do well to read it where you will find a dozen hands stretched forth to you in affection and sympathy. Oliver Goldsmith, this is the paper and here are our hands. We look on you as the greatest of English writers—the truest of English poets—the best of Englishmen."

"You overwhelm me, Sir. After this, what does it matter if Kenrick flings himself upon me?"

He took the *Packet*. It opened automatically where an imaginary letter to himself signed "Tom Tickle," appeared.

He held it up to the light; a smile was at first on his features; he had nerved himself to the ordeal. His friends would not find that he shrunk from it—he even smiled, after a manner, as he read the thing; but suddenly his jaw fell, his face became pale. In another second he had crushed the paper between his hands. He crushed it and tore it, and then flung it on the floor and trampled on it. He walked to and fro in the room with bent head. Then he did a strange thing: he removed his sword and placed it in a corner, as if he were going to dine, and, without a word to any of his friends, left the room, carrying with him his cane only.

CHAPTER XVII.

Kenrick's article in the *London Packet* remains to this day as the vilest example of scurrility published under the form of criticism. All the venom that can be engendered by envy and malice appears in every line of it. It contains no suggestion of literary criticism; it contains no clever phrase. It is the shriek of a vulgar wretch dominated by the demon of jealousy. The note of the Gadarene herd sounds through it, strident and strenuous. It exists as the worst outcome of the period when every garret scribbler emulated "Junius," both as regards style and method, but only succeeded in producing the shriek of a wild-cat, instead of the thunder of the unknown master of vituperation.

Goldsmith read the first part of the scurrility without feeling hurt; but when he came to that vile passage—"For hours the great Goldsmith will stand arranging his grotesque orang-outang figure in a pier-glass. Was but the lovely H—k as much enamoured, you would not sigh, my gentle swain"—his hands tore the paper in fury.

He had received abuse in the past without being affected by it. He did not know much about natural history, but he knew enough to make him aware of the fact that the skunk tribe cannot change their nature. He did not mind any attack that might be made upon himself, but to have the name that he most cherished of all names associated with his in an insult that seemed to him diabolical in the manner of its delivery, was more than he could bear. He felt as if a foul creature had crept behind him and had struck from thence the one who had been kindest to him of all the people in the world.

There was the horrible thing printed for all eyes in the town to read. There was the thing that had in a moment raised a barrier between him and the girl who was all in all to him. How could he look Mary Horneck in the face again? How could he ever meet any member of the family to whom he had been the means of causing so much pain as the Hornecks would undoubtedly feel when they read that vile thing? He felt that he himself was to blame for the appearance of that insult upon the girl. He felt that if the attack had not been made upon him she would certainly have escaped. Yes, that blow had been struck by a hand that stretched over him to her.

His first impulse had sent his hand to his sword. He had shown himself upon several occasions to be a brave man; but instead of drawing his sword he had taken it off and had placed it out of the reach of his hands.

And this was the man who a few hours earlier in the day had been assuming that if a certain man were in his power he would not shrink from running him through the body with his sword.

On leaving the Mitre he did not seek anyone with whom he might take counsel as to what course it would be wise for him to pursue. He knew that he had adopted a wise course when he had placed his sword in a corner; he felt he did not require any further counsel. His mind was made up as to what he should do, and all that he now feared was that some circumstance might prevent his realising his intention.

He grasped his cane firmly, and walked excitedly to the shop of Evans, the publisher of the *London Packet*. He arrived almost breathless at the place—it was in Little Queen Street—and entered the shop demanding to see Kenrick, who, he knew, was employed on the premises. Evans, the publisher, being in a room the door of which was open, and hearing a stranger's voice speaking in a high tone, came out to the shop. Goldsmith met him, asking to see Kenrick; and Evans denied that he was in the house.

"I require you to tell me if Kenrick is the writer of that article upon me which appeared in the *Packet* of to-day. My name is Goldsmith!" said the visitor.

The shopkeeper smiled.

"Does anything appear about you in the *Packet*, Sir?" he said, over-emphasising the tone of complete ignorance and inquiry.

"You are the publisher of the foul thing, you rascal!" cried Goldsmith, stung by the supercilious smile of the man; "you are the publisher of this gross outrage upon an innocent lady, and, as the ruffian who wrote it struck at her through me, so I strike at him through you."

He rushed at the man, seized him by the throat, and struck at him with his cane. The bookseller shouted for help while he struggled with his opponent, and Kenrick himself, who had been within the shelter of a small wooden partitioned office from the moment of Goldsmith's entrance, and had, consequently, overheard every word of the recrimination and all the noise of the scuffle that followed, ran to the help of his paymaster. It was quite in keeping with his cowardly nature to hold back from the cane of Evans's assailant. He did so, and, looking round for a missile to fling at Goldsmith, he caught up a heavy lamp that stood on a table and hurled it at his enemy's head. Missing this mark, however, it struck Evans on the chest and knocked him down, Goldsmith falling over him. This Kenrick perceived to be his chance. He lifted one of the small shop-chairs and rushed forward to brain the man whom he had libelled; but, before he could carry out his purpose, a man ran into the shop from the street, and, flinging him and the chair into a corner, caught Goldsmith, who had risen, by the shoulder and hurried him into a hackney-coach, which drove away.

The man was Captain Higgins. When Goldsmith had failed to return to the room in the Mitre where he had left his sword, his friends became uneasy regarding him, and Higgins, suspecting his purpose in leaving the tavern, had hastened to Evans's, hoping to be in time to prevent the assault which he felt certain Goldsmith intended to commit upon the person of Kenrick.

He ordered the coachman to drive to the Temple, and took advantage of the occasion to lecture the excited man upon the impropriety of his conduct. A lecture on the disgrace attached to a public fight, when delivered in a broad Irish brogue, can rarely be effective, and Captain Higgins's counsel of peace only called for Goldsmith's ridicule.

"Don't tell me what I ought to have done or what I ought to have abstained from doing," cried the still breathless man. "I did what my manhood prompted me to do, and that is just what you would have done yourself, my friend. God knows I didn't mean to harm Evans—it was that reptile Kenrick whom I meant to flail; but when Evans undertook to shelter him, what was left to me, I ask you, Sir?"

"You were a fool, Oliver," said his countryman; "you made a great mistake. Can't you see that you should never go about such things single-handed? You should have brought with you a full-sized friend who would not hesitate to use his fists in the interests of fair play. Why the devil, Sir, didn't you give me a hint of what was on your mind when you left the tavern?"

"Because I didn't know myself what was on my mind," replied Goldsmith. "And, besides," he added, "I'm not the man to carry bruisers about with me to

engage in my quarrels. I don't regret what I have done to-day. I have taught the reptiles a lesson, even though I have to pay for it. Kenrick won't attack me again so long as I am alive."

He was right. It was when he was lying in his coffin, yet unburied, that Kenrick made his next attack upon him in that scurrility of phrase of which he was a master.

When this curious exponent of the advantages of peace had left him at Brick Court, and his few incidental bruises were attended to by John Eyles, poor Oliver's despondency returned to him. He did not feel very like one who has got the better of another in a quarrel, though he knew that he had done all that he said he had done: he had taught his enemies a lesson.

But then he began to think about Mary Horneck, who had been so grossly insulted simply because of her kindness to him. He felt that if she had been less gracious to him—if she had treated him as Mrs. Thrale, for example,

it might be in his power to dispel. He and he only had seen Captain Jackson speaking to her in the Green Room at Covent Garden, and he only had good reason to believe that her sorrow had originated with that man. Under these circumstances he asked himself if he was justified in leaving her to fight her battle alone? She had not asked him to be her champion, and he felt that if she had done so, it was a very poor champion that he would have made; but still he knew more of her grief than anyone else, and he believed he might be able to help her.

He tore up the letter which he had written to her.

"I will not leave her," he cried. "Whatever may happen—whatever blame people who do not understand may say I have earned, I will not leave her until she has been freed from whatever distress she is in."

He had scarcely seated himself when his servant announced Captain Horneck.

For an instant Goldsmith was in trepidation. Mary

making an effort to speak, but the words never came. Suddenly he caught Captain Horneck's hand in both of his own, and held it for a moment; but then, quite overcome, he dropped it, and burying his face in his hands he burst into tears.

Horneck watched him for some time, and was himself almost equally affected.

"Come, come, old friend," he said at last, placing his hand affectionately on Goldsmith's shoulder. "Come, come; this will not do. There is nothing to be so concerned about. What, man! are you so little aware of your own position in the world as to fancy that the Horneck family regard your friendship for them otherwise than an honour? Good heavens, Dr. Goldsmith, don't you perceive that we are making a bold bid for immortality through our names being associated with yours? Who in a hundred years—in fifty years—would know anything of the Horneck family if it were not for their association



Before he could carry out his purpose, a man ran into the shop from the street, and, flinging him and the chair in a corner, caught Goldsmith by the shoulder.

had been accustomed to treat him—regarding him and his defects merely as excuses for displaying her own wit, she would have escaped all mention by Kenrick. Yes, he still felt that he was the cause of her being insulted, and he would never forgive himself for it.

But what did it matter whether he forgave himself or not? It was the forgiveness of Mary Horneck and her friends that he had good reason to think about.

The longer he considered this point the more convinced he became that he had forfeited for ever the friendship which he had enjoyed for several years, and which had been a dear consolation to him in his hours of despondency. A barrier had been raised between himself and the Hornecks that could not be surmounted.

He sat down at his desk and wrote a letter to Mary, asking her forgiveness for the insult for which he said he felt himself to be responsible. He could not, he added, expect that in the future it would be allowed to him to remain on the same terms of intimacy with her and her family as had been permitted to him in the past.

Suddenly he recollected the unknown trouble which had been upon the girl when he had last seen her. She was not yet free from that secret sorrow which he had hoped

Horneck's brother had no reason to visit him except as he himself had visited Evans and Kenrick. But with the sound of Captain Horneck's voice his trepidation passed away.

"Ha, my little hero!" Horneck cried before he had quite crossed the threshold. "What is this that is the talk of the town? Good Lord! what are things coming to when the men of letters have taken to beating the booksellers?"

"You have heard of it?" said Oliver. "You have heard of the quarrel, but you cannot have heard of the reason for it!"

"What, there is something behind the *London Packet* after all?" cried Captain Horneck.

"Something behind it—something behind that slander—the mention of your sister's name, Sir? What should be behind it, Sir?"

"My dear old Nolly, do you fancy that the friendship which exists between my family and you is too weak to withstand such a strain as this—a strain put upon it by a vulgar scoundrel, whose malice so far as you are concerned is as well known as his envy of your success?"

Goldsmith stared at him for some moments and then at the hand which he was holding out. He seemed to be

with you? The name of Oliver Goldsmith will live so long as there is life in English letters, and when your name is spoken the name of your friends the Hornecks will not be forgotten."

He tried to comfort his unhappy friend, but though he remained at his chambers for half an hour, he got no word from Oliver Goldsmith.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The next day the news of the prompt and vigorous action taken by Goldsmith in respect of the scurrility of Kenrick had spread round the literary circle of which Johnson was the centre, and the general feeling was one of regret that Kenrick had not received the beating instead of Evans. Of course, Johnson, who had threatened two writers with an oak stick, shook his head—and his body as well—in grave disapproval of Goldsmith's use of his cane; but Reynolds, Garrick, and the two Burkes were of the opinion that a cane had never been more appropriately used.

What Colman's attitude was in regard to the man who had put thousands of pounds into his pocket may be gathered from the fact that, shortly afterwards, he accepted and produced a play of Kenrick's at his theatre, which was

more decisively canned than any play ever produced under Colman's management.

Of course, the act of an author in resenting the scurrility of a man who had delivered his stab under the cloak of criticism, called for a howl of indignation from the scores of hacks who existed at that period—some in the pay of the Government, others of the Opposition—solely by stabbing men of reputation; for the literary cut-throat, in the person of the professional libeller-critic, and the literary outpurse, in the form of the professional black-mailer, followed as well as preceded Junius.

The howl went up that the liberty of the Press was in danger, and the public, who took then, as they do now, but the most languid interest in the quarrels of literature, were forced to become the unwilling audience. When, however, Goldsmith published his letter in the *Daily Advertiser*—surely the manliest manifesto ever printed—the howls became attenuated, and shortly afterwards died away. It was admitted, even by Dr. Johnson—and so emphatically, too, that his biographer could not avoid recording his judgment—that Goldsmith had increased his reputation by the incident.

(Boswell paid Goldsmith the highest compliment in his power on account of this letter, for he fancied that it had been written by Johnson, and received another rebuke from the latter to gloat over.)

For some days Goldsmith had many visitors at his chambers, including Barette, who remarked that he took it for granted that he need not now search for the fencing-master, as his quarrel was over. Goldsmith allowed him to go away under the impression that he had foreseen the quarrel when he had consulted him regarded the fencing-master.

But at the end of a week, when Evans had been conciliated by the friends of his assailant, Goldsmith, on returning to his chambers one afternoon, found Johnson gravely awaiting his arrival. His hearty welcome was not responded to quite so heartily by his visitor.

"Dr. Goldsmith," said Johnson, after he had made some of those grotesque movements with which his judicial utterances were invariably accompanied—"Dr. Goldsmith, we have been friends for a good many years, Sir."

"That fact constitutes one of my pleasantest reflections, Sir," said Goldsmith. He spoke with some measure of hesitancy, for he had a feeling that his friend had come to him with a reproof. He had expected him to come rather sooner.

"If our friendship was not such as it is, I would not have come to you to-day, Sir, to tell you that you have been a fool," said Johnson.

"Yes, Sir," said Goldsmith, "you were right in assuming that you could say nothing to me that would offend me; I know that I have been a fool—at many times—in many ways."

"I suspected that you were a fool before I set out to come hither, Sir, and since I entered this room I have convinced myself of the accuracy of my suspicion."

"If a man suspects that I am a fool before seeing me, Sir, what will he do after having seen me?" said Goldsmith.

"Dr. Goldsmith," resumed Johnson, "it was, believe me, Sir, a great pain to me to find, as I did in this room—on that desk—such evidence of your folly as left no doubt on my mind in this matter."

"What do you mean, Sir? My folly—evidence—on that desk? Ah, I know now what you mean. Yes, poor Filby's bill for my last coats and I suppose for a few others that have long ago been worn threadbare. Alas, Sir, who could resist Filby's flatteries?"

"Sir," said Johnson, "you gave me permission several years ago to read any manuscript of yours in prose or verse at which you were engaged."

"And the result of your so honouring me, Dr. Johnson, has invariably been advantageous to my work. What, Sir, have I ever failed in respect for your criticisms? Have I ever failed to make a change that you suggested?"

"It was in consideration of that permission, Dr. Goldsmith, that while waiting for you here to-day, I read several pages in your handwriting," said Johnson sternly.

Goldsmith glanced at his desk.

"I forget now what work was last under my hand," said he; "but whatever it was, Sir—"

"I have it here, Sir," said Johnson, and Goldsmith for the first time noticed that he held in one of his hands a roll of manuscript. Johnson laid it solemnly on the table, and in a moment Goldsmith perceived that it consisted of a number of the poems which he had written to the Jessamy Bride, but which he had not dared to send to her. He had had them before him on the desk that day while he asked himself what would be the result of sending them to her.

He was considerably disturbed when he discovered what it was that his friend had been reading in his absence, and his attempt to treat the matter lightly only made his confusion appear the greater.

"Oh, those verses, Sir," he stammered; "they are poor things. You will, I fear, find them too obviously defective to merit criticism; they resemble my oldest coat, Sir, which I designed to have repaired for my man, but Filby returned it with the remark that it was not worth the cost of repairing. If you were to become a critic of those trifles—"

"They are trifles, Goldsmith, for they represent the trifling of a man of determination with his own future—with his own happiness and the happiness of others."

"I protest, Sir, I scarcely understand—"

"Your confusion, Sir, shows that you do understand."

"Nay, Sir; you do not suppose that the lines which a poet writes in the character of a lover should be accepted as damning evidence that his own heart speaks."

"Goldsmith, I am not the man to be deceived by any literary work that may come under my notice. I have read those verses of yours: Sir, your heart throbs in every line."

"Nay, Sir, you would make me believe that my poor attempts to realise the feelings of one who has experienced the tender passion are more happy than I fancied."

"Sir, this dissimulation is unworthy of you."

"Sir, I protest that I—that is—No, I shall protest nothing. You have spoken the truth, Sir; any dissimulation is unworthy of me. I wrote those verses out of my own heart—God knows if they are the first that came from my heart—I own it, Sir. Why should I be ashamed to own it?"

"My poor friend, you have been Fortune's plaything all your life; but I did not think that she was reserving such a blow as this for you."

"A blow, Sir? Nay, I cannot regard as a blow that which has been the sweetest—the only consolation of a life that has known but few consolations."

"Sir, this will not do. A man has the right to make himself as miserable as he pleases, but he has no right to make others miserable. Dr. Goldsmith, you have ill-repaid the friendship which Miss Horneck and her family have extended to you."

"I have done nothing for which my conscience reproaches me, Dr. Johnson. What, Sir, if I have ventured to love that lady whose name had better remain unspoken by either of us—what if I do love her? Where is the indignity that I do either to her or to the sentiment of friendship? Does one offer an indignity to friendship by loving?"

"My poor friend, you are laying up a future of misery for yourself—yes, and for her too; for she has a kind heart, and if she should come to know—and, indeed, I think she must—that she has been the cause, even though the unwilling cause, of suffering on the part of another, she will not be free from unhappiness."

"She need not know, she need not know. I have been a bearer of burdens all my life. I will assume without repining this new burden."

"Nay, Sir, if I know your character—and I believe I have known it for some years—you will cast that burden away from you. Life, my dear friend, you and I have found to be not a meadow wherein to sport, but a battlefield. We have been in the struggle, you and I, and we have not come out of it unscathed. Come, Sir, face boldly this new enemy, and put it to flight before it prove your ruin."

"Enemy, you call it, Sir? You call that which gives everything there is of beauty—everything there is of sweetness—in the life of man—you call it our enemy?"

"I call it your enemy, Goldsmith."

"Why mine only? What is there about me that makes me different from other men? Why should a poet be looked upon as one who is shut out for evermore from all the tenderness, all the grace of life, when he has proved to the world that he is the most capable of all mankind of appreciating tenderness and grace? What trick of Nature is this? What paradox for men to vex their souls over? Is the poet to stand aloof from men, evermore looking on happiness through another man's eyes? If you answer 'yes,' then I say that men who are not poets should go down on their knees and thank Heaven that they are not poets. Happy it is for mankind that Heaven has laid on few men the curse of being poets. For myself, I feel that I would rather be a man for an hour than a poet for all time."

"Come, Sir, let us not waste our time railing against Heaven. Let us look at this matter as it stands at present. You have been unfortunate enough to conceive a passion for a lady whose family could never be brought to think of you seriously as a lover. You have been foolish enough to regard their kindness to you—their acceptance of you as a friend—as encouragement in your mad aspirations."

"You have no right to speak so authoritatively, Sir."

"I have the right as your oldest friend, Goldsmith; and you know I speak only what is true. Does your own conscience, your own intelligence, Sir, not tell you that the lady's family would regard her acceptance of you as a lover in the light of the greatest misfortune possible to happen to her? Answer me that question, Sir?"

But Goldsmith made no attempt to speak. He only buried his face in his hands, resting his elbows on the table at which he sat.

"You cannot deny what you know to be a fact, Sir," resumed Johnson. "I will not humiliate you by suggesting that the young lady herself would only be moved to laughter were you to make serious advances to her; but I ask you if you think her family would not regard such an attitude on your side as ridiculous—nay, worse—a gross affront?"

Still Goldsmith remained silent, and after a short pause his visitor resumed his discourse.

"The question that remains for you to answer is this, Sir: Are you desirous of humiliating yourself in the eyes of your best friends, and of forfeiting their friendship for you, by persisting in your infatuation?"

Goldsmith started up.

"Say no more, Sir; for God's sake, say no more," he cried almost piteously. "Am I, do you fancy, as great a fool as Pope, who did not hesitate to declare himself to Lady Mary? Sir, I have done nothing that the most honourable of men would shrink from doing. There are the verses which I wrote—I could not help writing them—but she does not know that they were ever written. Dr. Johnson, she shall never hear it from me. My history, Sir, shall be that of the hopeless lover—a blank—a blank."

"My poor friend," said Johnson after a pause—he had laid his hand upon the shoulder of his friend as he seated himself once more at the table—"My poor friend, Providence puts into our hands many cups which are bitter to the taste, but cannot be turned away from. You and I have drunk of bitter cups before now, and perhaps we may have to drink of others before we die. To be a man is to suffer; to be a poet means to have double the capacity of men to suffer. You have shown yourself before now worthy of the admiration of all good men by the way you have faced life, by your independence of the patronage of the great. You dedicated 'The Traveller' to your brother and your last comedy to me. You did not hesitate to turn away from your door the man who came to offer you money for the prostitution of the talents which God has given you. Dr. Goldsmith, you have my respect—you have the respect of every good man. I came to you to-day that you may disappoint those of your detractors who are waiting for you to be guilty of an act that would give them an opportunity of pointing a finger of malice at you. We have disappointed them, Sir. You will not do anything but that which will reflect honour upon yourself and show all those who are your friends that their friendship for you is well founded. I am assured that I can trust you, Sir."

Goldsmith took the hand that he offered, but said no word.

(To be continued.)

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The appointment of Mr. Carr Glyn to Peterborough adds another name to the list of prelates who are understood to be teetotalers. Of course, the Archbishop-Designate is the most conspicuous figure among them, and the Church of England Temperance Society will lose a good deal by the preferment, which will no longer permit him to give the close attention to its affairs which he has done. This is the more unfortunate for the Society because it has before it questions which require to be handled with care. A less determined character in the chair may result in divergencies of opinion growing where they might have been smoothed away.

The Joint Conference on Education had an interest of its own quite apart from the subject discussed, for it cannot but be regarded as a tentative move towards a great Synod of the Church. It seems now to be forgotten that but for the action of the Lower House of Canterbury Convocation it would practically have had this character; for the proposal of the Bishops was that the Convocations should meet as Convocations. It was only in deference to objections from the Canterbury Lower House that the Conference became merely a gathering of members in their individual capacity and not of the Houses as Houses. Many prominent Churchmen in the North deeply resented the change.

We shall soon know more definitely what is to be done (or attempted) about Church Reform legislation next session. The Archbishop-Designate is in general sympathy with the programme of the late Archbishop Benson, but he is perhaps likely to take a more independent line towards the Church Parliamentary Committee. In particular, he has made it known that he will remain opposed to legislation which would remove aged or weakly clergymen from their benefices until something has been done to deal more adequately with the financial side of such retirements. He is, however, "sound" on the necessity of dealing with scandals arising from the sale of advowsons and next presentations.

The Church of England Young Men's Society is moving with the times. Having arranged a course of lectures for its members, it has issued invitations to them and their "friends," a footnote intimating that the lectures are open to ladies. Possibly the authorities may have in mind the precedent of Professor Shuttleworth's Club.

Two curates, who have been but a short time in orders, have recently accepted preferment in the diocese of Rochester. The Curates' Union has sent the Bishop a protest against their institution. But what is its *locus standi*?

The columns of the *Christian World* continue to afford hospitality to correspondence on the question whether Congregationalists might not more freely adopt a liturgical form of service and welcome the consistent use of the gown in their pulpits. It is clear that a very strong feeling exists in favour of what some of the older school regard as dangerous innovations.

The London Missionary Society has sent or is sending eighteen new missionaries to its foreign fields. The society's income for the six months to Sept. 30 is not encouraging. The receipts for general purposes are lower, and expenditure has risen, and there is an adverse balance from last year to face.

QUEEN'S ROAD, OSBORNE.

All who have visited the Queen's Isle of Wight residence, Osborne, will remember the magnificent avenue of trees known as "Queen's Road," which lies between the two lodge gates of the park. This favourite drive of her Majesty's forms part of the Oval over which many an enthusiast has trained for the ten-mile championship annually held on its course. This year's race was probably the last of a long series. There is a new land steward at Osborne, in succession to the late Mr. Andrew Blake, and extensive alterations in Osborne Gardens are contemplated, for the furtherance of which the Queen has recently offered the East Cowes Council, through her solicitor, Mr. White, the sum of £2000 for the four or five hundred yards of highway known as "Queen's Road," with the purpose of enclosing it in the private grounds of the royal residence. No disadvantage to public traffic would be occasioned by the loss of this road, for parallel with it runs a much wider one, which would be equally convenient as a public thoroughfare. The space between these two roads is occupied by property belonging to her Majesty, including Albert and Osborne Cottages, the latter of which has lately been presented by the Queen to Princess Henry of Battenberg, now Governor of the Isle of Wight. It is, therefore, but natural that her Majesty should desire to drive to and fro between Osborne and these residences without constantly incurring the public gaze of coaching parties and tourists generally.

Although the East Cowes Council are anxious to gratify her Majesty's wish, they are averse to accepting a monetary consideration, but prefer to effect an exchange by which they may acquire a piece of land sufficient for the opening up of a more convenient approach to the neighbouring parish of Whippingham. Their object in this is to hand down to posterity something in the form of a permanently improved roadway rather than to accept a pecuniary compensation, which would probably be absorbed by other local requirements.



Photo Stanhope Wight.

QUEEN'S ROAD, OSBORNE, TO BE PURCHASED BY THE QUEEN.

THE GAMBLE INSTITUTE,
ST. HELENS.

The spacious new Institute with which Colonel Gamble, C.B., has generously enriched the Lancashire town of St. Helens was formally opened by the Earl of Derby on Thursday in last week amid much popular rejoicing. These new public buildings have been erected at a cost of some £30,000 by Colonel Gamble, who was the first Mayor of St. Helens after its incorporation in 1868, has several times since been re-elected to that office, and has for more than half a century been prominently connected with the public life of this now important industrial centre. The Institute, which is henceforth to be known by the name of its munificent donor, is a handsome and commodious structure, containing a free library and a technical school. It has been built of terra-cotta and red brick, from the designs of Messrs. Briggs and Westenholme, and presents a commanding frontage to no less than three streets. The library extends over the entire ground floor of the building, and in the basement below and the upper storeys are engineering laboratories, class-rooms, and lecture-rooms for technical training of every kind, including a chemical laboratory, an art studio, and even cookery and laundry work-rooms. The comprehensive nature of the training to be obtained at this municipal school will render Colonel Gamble's gift an extremely valuable factor in the future life and development of St. Helens.

As they entered the town the Earl and Countess of Derby were met by the Mayor (Mr. Martin) and Mayoress and Colonel Gamble, and a procession was formed through dense throngs of holiday-makers to the Town Hall, where Colonel Gamble presented the Mayor with the title-deeds of the Institute and the freehold of its site. The Mayor announced that Colonel Gamble had been elected the first Honorary Freeman of the borough, and the company then proceeded through the gaily decorated streets to the new Institute, the great door of which was opened by Lord Derby.

COLONEL GAMBLE.
Photo London Stereoscopic Co.

OPENING OF THE GAMBLE INSTITUTE, ST. HELENS.

LITERATURE.

MR. CROCKETT'S NEW VOLUME.

Mr. Crockett's new story, *The Grey Man* (Unwin), is a tale of tribal and intertribal feuds in the Galloway of James the Sixth's days. Riding and harrying and revenge, for reasons bad, reasons a trifle better, and reasons past finding out, fill the lives of the men-folk in it. A little courting and joking go on in calm intervals; but lovemaking has violent interruptions and no monotony of sweetness. In any case, the heroine provided, of the good-hearted, hoydenish, shrewish order so dear to Mr. Crockett's heart, has a tongue and a temper that would prevent any cloying monotony. Her lover, Lancelot Kennedy, is a dare-devil, lightly amorous youth, capable, nevertheless, of serious enterprises and serious affection, with a very good conceit of himself, and a delight in showing his parts and points to the best advantage. The esquire of his kinsman, Sir Thomas Kennedy, the tutor of Cassilis—between whose house and the Kennedys of Bargany there is a deadly feud—the brisk young man leads a lively life: there is always a castle to burn, a treasure to reclaim, or a challenge to deliver. From chap-book legends and family histories "*The Grey Man*" has borrowed something of its form as well as its matter. It is a loose chronicle with striking incidents, rather than a story. Perhaps the main interest is meant to centre round the hard fortunes of Marjorie Kennedy, married against her will to the son of the arch-villain of the tale, Mure of Auchendrayne, witness of his fiendish misdeeds, and the stoic instrument of his well-deserved death and of that of her husband. By some plan or some fault of arrangement, however, Marjorie's history seems an incident too. Auchendrayne the elder is the Grey Man. But—and here comes in the disappointment of the book—though as the grim, the wily, and the canting laird he is a reality, as the mysterious, other-worldly figure, appearing at dusk and dark as the portent of evil, he is never impressive at all. There is no shudder to be got out of him.

Among Mr. Crockett's works this book must stand next to "*The Raiders*," but far below it in the power of capturing attention. It has the air of having been conceived in a hand-to-mouth fashion; and much of it is a tangle. And no appetite for horrors could survive the description of Sawny Bean's cave with its ghastly human remains and its demon inmates. But there are stirring and spirited pictures of Border warfare. The "*Flitting of the Sow*" will perhaps be first favourite among these. The "*Slaughter in the Snow*" reads like the report of an actual eye-witness. Mr. Crockett always puts in his backgrounds with fine skill, and when feats of arms are being performed he has a painter's eye for the circumstance that will lighten the scene and not confuse it. There are quiet spots, too, where the silence of the hills makes itself felt. A rough-and-ready humour enlivens many a page where the action puzzles or drags, and its kind is fairly sampled by the exclamation of the Edinburgh wife to her husband, who had grown excited over the enthusiastic clamour of "*God and the Kirk*": "What concern is the glory o' God o' yours—you that is but a baker in Coul's Close?"

Mr. Crockett has two manners. "*The Grey Man*" is in the better one. He can always delight greatly when his theme is warlike and adventurous rather than domestic; and here, though our interest has died down several times, and we have now and again lost our bearings, we have yet been stirred to excitement and moved to laughter and sympathy. It may be, too, that the slight bewilderment that has hindered our progress through the story is a necessary circumstance of any skilful handling of the flustered, disorderly chronic warfare between Bargany and Cassilis and their several allies.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

Mr. Marion Crawford is never more effective than in his stories of modern Italian life, and the latest of them, *Taquisara* (Macmillan and Co.), is in some respects even more striking than any that have preceded it. Its heroine, Veronica, is one of the most original of the many that he has portrayed, and the development of her character is a veritable triumph of the novelist's skill. When the story opens, the orphaned Veronica is a minor, and enormously wealthy, as the chief representative of a great Italian family and heiress of its vast possessions. On leaving the convent where she was educated, she is domiciled at Naples with her aunt and her aunt's husband, the Count and Countess Mocomer, an unscrupulous pair, who for their own ends keep her as much as possible secluded from society, and reject without her knowing it all offers for her hand. The unsuspecting girl, ignorant of the ways of the world, has been teased into making a will in favour of her aunt, and in order to gain possession of the property the Count and Countess resolved to poison her. The story of the attempted poisoning and of its accidental defeat is most exciting. When Veronica knows all, of course she quits her aunt. It is now that, with her eyes opened and thrown on her own resources, Veronica truly lives. The shy and shrinking girl, mistress of herself and of her fortune, becomes a resolute, self-sufficing woman, and astonishes her acquaintances by showing herself heedless of the severe conventionalities of Italian social life. An old priest in the village where her ancestral castle stands has told her of the extreme poverty and misery of the peasantry on her estates. Veronica resolves to take up her abode in the old deserted castle, and endeavour to ameliorate the lot of her peasant

dependants. The novelist now becomes a social reformer, and after giving a most impressive picture of the almost unimaginable wretchedness and squalor of a typical section of the Italian peasantry, he shows what can be done to raise them by the strong will and strenuous effort of a beneficent landowner, in this case a woman. Of course there is a love-story in "*Taquisara*," and a rather complicated one, which Mr. Marion Crawford tells as no one knows better how to tell it. Veronica has two lovers, one a gentle, bashful, intellectual Italian youth, a foil to his friend, who gives to the book its title. *Taquisara* is one of those stoical, reserved, but masterful and inwardly passionate Italians whom Mr. Marion Crawford delights to draw. But the reader must be left to discover for himself the finale of this very striking and interesting fiction.

Miss Fiona Macleod's *Green Fire* (Archibald Constable) reminds one of the exquisite excess of minute ornamentation lavished on Celtic trinkets. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the descriptions—except their length. You read page after page and chapter after chapter in the hope that the story will at last begin to move; but "*The King of Bohemia and his Seven Castles*" was hardly more tantalising. When it does at last begin to move, it is as fantastic and inconsequent as a fevered dream, till you begin to have a faint idea of what the author means when she speaks of "life and death being the mere adumbrations of the pinions of that lonely fugitive, the human mind, along the endless precipices of Time." The hero's sardonic uncle, though he supposes him to be the issue



Photo Russell, Baker Street.

WRITERS OF THE DAY: NO. XVII.—MR. S. R. CROCKETT.

Mr. S. R. Crockett, whose new romance, "*The Grey Man*," is reviewed in these columns, was born thirty-seven years ago on his father's farm at Duchrae, New Galloway. He received his earlier education at the Free Church Institution, Castle Douglas, and at seventeen gained a bursary which took him to the University of Edinburgh. After completing his undergraduate career he became a tutor, but eventually entered the Free Church ministry, and was appointed to the congregation of Penicuik. He resigned his cure of souls, however, nearly two years ago in order to devote his energies entirely to literary work. His first essay in authorship was a volume of verse which appeared in 1886 under the title of "*Dulce Cor*." In 1893 his first volume of prose fiction, "*The Stickit Minister*," won an immediate success, and contributed largely to the vogue of "*Kailyard literature*." A year later his fine romance, "*The Raiders*," greatly enhanced his reputation, and "*The Lilac Sunbonnet*," "*The Men of the Moss Hags*," "*Cleg Kelly*," and other works from his pen have been among the most popular books of the day.

of an adulterous intrigue between his wife and her lover, yet brings him up as his own son; and though the most vindictive of men, he yet waits for a quarter of a century, and till he is paralysed, before he revenges in a duel the cut of a riding-whip across the face given him by this rival. You hardly know, and he hardly seems to know himself, with which of his divine and devoted cousins the hero is in love; while the marriage of the rejected one to the savage forest Orson shocks you as much by its improbability as by its brutality. The accepted sister, the heroine, is convinced that the child she is about to bear is the long prophesied Highland Messiah, and is disabused of this crazy notion only when the baby dies at birth. Then you have all kinds of omens and forebodings and second-sight visions and dying prophecies to suggest a gloomy ending to the story, which nevertheless closes as happily as the heart could wish. On the other hand, the descriptions of scenes and moods and emotions are steeped in "*Celtic natural magic*," if also in Celtic gloom, for "*Green Fire*" itself illustrates its *dictum* that "the brain of the Gael hears a music that is sadder than any music there is, and has for its cloudy sky a gloom that shall not go, and upon the westernmost shores of those remote isles the Voice of Celtic sorrow may be heard crying, *Cha till, cha till, cha till mi tuille—I will return, I will return, I will return, no more.*"

Of how many anthologies published nowadays can it be said that there is anything unique? Yet this must be claimed for *English Epithalamies*, edited by Mr. Robert H. Case for Mr. Lane's "Bodley Head Anthologies." The publisher of the "Keynote" series seems to know no bounds to his catholicity, for anything more antagonistic than the whole philosophy of such a book as "*Discords*" and the nuptial songs of the Elizabethans it would be difficult to find. Mr. Case has written a preface that is learned rather than literary; takes us from Sir Philip Sidney of the sixteenth down to George Ogle of the eighteenth century. He has also compiled a list of omitted epithalamies, the last being Mr. Le Gallienne's, 1892. The volume is a perfect gem in the matter of format.

A LITERARY LETTER.

Mr. J. M. Barrie originally intended to remain a few weeks longer in America than his friend Dr. Robertson Nicoll, but from the latest information I learn that Dr. Nicoll and Mr. and Mrs. Barrie sailed from New York on the 7th. They would appear to have had a good time. Mr. Barrie addressed an audience of 900 young ladies at the Smith College for Women, Northampton, U.S.A., and told them that he would rather address one pretty girl 900 times than 900 only once. Dr. Nicoll gave the same charming audience a religious address on the Sunday. The *Buffalo Journal* describes Mr. Barrie as "a mite of a man with a big head"; and that kind of descriptive writing seems to have followed both the friends through their wanderings. Dr. Nicoll told a reporter, by the way, that he considered Mr. Barrie's "Margaret Ogilvy"—which is to be published shortly—by far his greatest work.

Mr. Barrie himself joined with Dr. Nicoll in pronouncing Cable, the author of "*Old Creole Days*" and "*Madame Delphine*," as the greatest of American writers. Mr. Barrie said that, when a leader-writer on a newspaper at Nottingham, he had written up Cable enthusiastically, and one of his greatest delights in visiting America was in meeting him. Mr. Cable lives at Litchfield, Connecticut; he is fifty-two years of age, and owns a pretty house with a wood behind it, bearing the picturesque name "*Tarry a While*."

Mr. Barrie was, of course, interviewed as to his impressions of American women—that being a question which the American journalist always asks his victim. As became a Scotsman, he answered with due caution. When asked about the home-life of American women, he said: "I have seen little of it, but they are charming, and the life of their home cannot be but beautiful,"—which oracular statement does not carry us far.

Dr. Nicoll seems to have been enormously impressed by the boundless hospitality of the Americans, and this impression is undoubtedly made upon every literary man who visits the United States. They always come back and compare unfavourably the hospitality of their own country with that of their American cousins. Nevertheless, although I myself have experienced this American hospitality, I am not at all disposed to concede that Americans are more hospitable than the British. The fact is that literary interests are very keen with a wealthier class in America than with us. The literary Englishman in his own home surroundings does not to any great extent mix with the wealthier classes; he mixes for the most part with people of the upper middle class, whose expenditure for hospitality cannot necessarily be very considerable. He is not, except he become a "lion," rushed after by our non-literary rich people, to be made the recipient of all kinds of entertainment, and he has not the slightest need to regret the fact. It would seriously interfere with the quality of his work. But given the visit of any literary American to England, armed with the proper introductions, he has no cause whatever to complain of English hospitality. There are abundance of wealthy men who are prepared to treat him with the same hospitality that would be shown to the literary or artistic Englishman abroad; and, on the whole, in proportion to people's means, I am strongly of opinion that there is not the slightest difference in the relative hospitality of the two countries.

The next dinner of the Omar Khayyam Club takes place on Nov. 20, when Mr. Edmund Gosse occupies the presidential chair for the first time. The guests will include Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., Sir Martin Conway, Mr. W. E. Norris, Mr. Frederic Harrison, Mr. Louis Becke, Mr. Coventry Patmore, Mr. Conan Doyle, Mr. Comyns Carr, Sir Douglas Straight, Mr. John Davidson, Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Frederick Wedmore, and many other men of distinction in literature and art. Mr. A. W. Pinero has just been elected a member of the club.

Those who are interested in the writings of Mr. Walter Pater—and the number is not small—will be keenly anxious to possess a copy of a privately printed volume, "*Essays from The Guardian*." The book, of which there are only one hundred copies, contains nine essays, two of them, it is interesting to note, treating of Mrs. Humphry Ward; a paper on Amiel's "*Journal*," and another on "*Robert Elsmere*." Other papers deal with Wordsworth, Browning, and Mr. Gosse's Poems. Mr. Pater's sisters have given their consent to the issue of these interesting essays, which are reproduced from the *Guardian* newspaper.—C. K. S.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY AND HIS WORK.

Mr. Edward John Poynter, R.A., who has been elected to succeed Sir John Millais as President of the Royal Academy, will be the twelfth nominal holder of that title, although only the tenth occupant of the post. James Wyatt, the architect, was elected in 1805, in consequence of a misunderstanding between Benjamin West and the Academicians; but the difficulties being arranged, West resumed the Presidentship before Wyatt's election had been submitted to the King for ratification. In 1866 Sir Edwin Landseer, on the death of Sir Charles Eastlake, was also elected to the Presidentship, but in consequence of his failing health he declined the nomination.

Mr. Poynter, who now succeeds to the chair occupied by Reynolds and Lawrence, Leighton and Millais, was born in Paris in 1836. His father, Mr. Ambrose Poynter, was an architect of considerable talent, and his grandfather was Thomas Banks, R.A., a self-taught sculptor, whose merits were discovered by the Empress Catherine of Russia before they were recognised by his fellow-countrymen. Mr. Edward Poynter came to England at an early age, and was educated at Brighton College, Westminster School, and Ipswich Grammar School. He was originally destined to follow his father's profession, but the natural bent of his talent was towards painting, and after a couple of years of English art training, at the age of twenty he was again in Paris, working chiefly in the *atelier* of Gleyre—the founder of the neo-Greek school in France: a painter of dreams and fugitive fancies, but at the same time a thorough draughtsman, a fine colourist, and, above all, an excellent teacher. Among Mr. Poynter's fellow-students at this time were Mr. Whistler, Mr. Lamont (now a member of the Water-Colour Society), Mr. T. Armstrong, the Director for Art at South Kensington, and at a later period Fred Walker and Du Maurier. Three years of study and hard work in Paris sufficed to equip the young artist for the career upon which he had entered. Immediately after his return he had sent two pictures to the British Institution; but it was not until 1861 that he appeared at the Royal Academy with two pictures, and continued a regular exhibitor for several years without attracting special notice until 1867, when his remarkable



"WHITE ROSES."—BY E. J. POYNTER, P.R.A.

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Schools at South Kensington 1875-81, he showed himself well equipped and anxious to raise the standard of art education in this country. His success may be measured by the number of competent artists who began their training at one or other of the art schools of which he was the director, while the breadth of his views may be measured by the comparatively few who were in any way restricted

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

A few days ago I happened to see several paragraphs in various contemporaries reminding me that fox-hunting had begun. Many years have gone by since I witnessed an English meet, and although I was very young and inexperienced then—age has not much improved matters—I felt instinctively that these gatherings were, from a purely sportsmanlike point of view, very superior to similar ones I had seen at Compiègne—which, by the bye, were not fox-hunts, but stag-hunts. I am free to confess, however, that in spite of this feeling, I preferred the French functions. I am not even in doubt with regard to the cause of this preference. It arose from an inveterate love for spectacular display, of which I shall probably never get rid. The Empire fell, and with it my prospects of ever beholding such splendid scenes again.

Time went by; the recollection of all this grew less vivid, or if not less vivid was relegated to that mental storehouse we call our memory, when a mere accident once more brought it to the fore. At the expulsion of the d'Orléans Princes from France a contemporary commissioned me to write an article on Chantilly, the historic seat of the Condés, then the property of the Duc d'Aumale, and still tenanted by him, but which at his demise will revert to the Académie, of which he is so distinguished a member. My guide through the stables and kennels was Mr. Coates, jun., the worthy offspring of a worthy father, both of whom have enjoyed for years past the confidence of Louis Philippe's best-known son. The kennels came as a surprise to me, albeit that I knew *la grande vénerie* to be an undimmed tradition with the heirs of the victor of Rocroi. "But the Duke has not hunted much of late?" I remarked. "No," was the answer, "but if his Highness did not hunt at all the kennels would still be kept up to the highest pitch of perfection. His Highness will probably never see active service again, but he might just as well sell his uniforms and take the battle-pictures from the walls as do away with the kennels."

My memory is fairly good, and the few sentences reminded me at once of the glorious hunting parties of the



"HORÆ SERENÆ."—BY E. J. POYNTER, P.R.A.

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picture, "Israel in Egypt," suddenly aroused the attention of the public and attracted the highest encomium from competent critics. In the following year another classical subject, "The Catapult," in which forced labour under stern taskmasters was again the dominant idea, confirmed the opinion that in Mr. Poynter English art had an exponent above the common average. In 1869 this view was endorsed by the Royal Academy by his election as an Associate; and after a short interval of seven years he was elected a full Academician in 1876. In the interval he had produced the works by which his reputation will be sustained in the future. Among them the most noteworthy were those of the Greek series—"Perseus and Andromeda" (1872), "Rhodope" (1874), "The Festival of the Golden Age" (1875), "Atalanta's Race" (1876), and "A Visit to Æsculapius" (1882). It would be unnecessary to enumerate more of Mr. Poynter's works—about three hundred in all—for his recent achievements at Burlington House, the Grosvenor and New Galleries are fresh in public recollection. His famous picture, "Diadumene," painted in 1885, first disturbed the minds of those who were unable to identify the lady in art or history; and subsequently, and more profoundly, another class was more deeply moved by the introduction of the nude into the Royal Academy Exhibition under the patronage of such an eminent artist.

It is not only to his qualities as a painter that Mr. Poynter owed his election. More than any of his colleagues he has had experience in teaching, and as Slade, Professor at University College, London, 1871-77, and as Director for Art and Director of the National Art Training

to the classical style of which Mr. Poynter was the recognised champion. As a fresco-painter, a water-colour painter, an architectural designer, a sculptor, and a medallist, he has given proofs of his capabilities. A little more than two years ago Mr. Poynter was chosen Director of the National Gallery in succession to Sir Frederick Burton.

By his marriage, Mr. Poynter is a brother-in-law of Sir E. Burne-Jones and uncle of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and one of his sons is already known as an architect of promise.

Condés at Chantilly and of the Bourbons in the forest of Sénart; one of the latter of which hunts, by the bye, cost France very dear, for it was on that occasion that Jeanne Antoinette d'Etioles, *née* Poisson, Madame de Pompadour that was to be, flung herself in the way of Louis XV. The sentences, moreover, reminded me of an interesting ceremony connected with the opening of the hunting season at Chantilly before the last of the Condés died. I am alluding to the "Mass for the repose of the dogs of St. Hubert," the sportsman's patron. The origin of this ceremony was as follows: In 1688 or '89 the Grand Dauphin, Louis of France, the son of Louis XIV., paid a visit to the son of the great Condé, just as his father had been the guest of the famous captain. On the former occasion the fish did not arrive, and the renowned Vatel killed himself in despair. On the latter occasion there was no venison to set before the royal guest. For more than a fortnight previous to the Dauphin's arrival the stag intended to grace the banquet had eluded all pursuit. One morning the Prince de Condé sent for his chief huntsman. All the Prince's hopes were centred in the Nestor of the pack, a hound called Faro. To the Prince's consternation he was told that Faro had unaccountably disappeared since the night before. The Prince was tearing his hair and ploughing the carpet with his spurs when the news was brought that the stag was below in the courtyard. The news was true; the stag was there, stretched on a litter of foliage and branches, and by its side lay its victor, Faro: both were stark dead. Some peasants had found the stag lifeless and Faro dying.



"WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG."—BY E. J. POYNTER, P.R.A.

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AN AUCTION ON BOARD A CAPE LINER.

THE GREAT BOVRIL CONVERSION.

Thrilling and romantic as are the annals of finance, it would be well-nigh impossible to discover therein an episode or a chapter more abounding with interest than that which has reference to the invention of Bovril, to the amazing and firm hold which it has gradually taken on the public, and to Mr. Hooley's recent purchase of the huge enterprise in order to convert it into a much larger joint-stock company. That in these fiercely competitive days a comparatively simple article of diet such as Bovril can be so popularised as to return a profit in one year of not far short of £200,000 is cause for legitimate, and, to some extent, amused surprise. It is almost incredible that the genius of one man should have been able, in the brief space of half-a-dozen years, to so impress the quality of his speciality upon the public mind as to place it in the actual forefront of the innumerable articles of food which crowd our diet-calendar. It was left for Mr. J. Lawson Johnston to accomplish all this, and more; for what the able and justly honoured savant, Liebig, confessed publicly and regretfully he could not do, the legitimate successor of the great German chemist has unquestionably achieved.

Half the money expended in the world goes to purchase food, yet there is no subject on which so much ignorance prevails. We understand how to feed cattle, pigs, and poultry, but not how to feed ourselves. It is not of much use to tell the average man that his daily diet should furnish him with the equivalent to 3500 calories of potential energy and 120 grammes of water-free proteids besides mineral matter, that these should be presented to the digestive organs in a form suited to their capacity, and that if they are not assimilated they will do harm instead of good. Those who take no thought as to the suitability of their food are sure to suffer for their carelessness. The science of dietetics should guide us in maintaining a sufficient supply of food in sufficient proportion and in a sufficiently available form. The faith which has hitherto been placed in beef-tea as an important element in the dietary of the sick has received a rude shock, for beef-tea alone will not sustain life. It certainly gives results which are not obtainable from any other form of diet, but beef proper and the expressed moisture from beef are two very different things. Beef-tea is the most natural and best stimulant; it helps digestion and improves the flavour of other foods; but besides the stimulus of beef-tea we must have the albumen and fibrine which directly repair the waste of the human system. It will surprise many people to be told that the great Liebig himself, writing in the *Lancet* thirty years ago, said: "Were it possible to furnish the market at a reasonable price with a preparation of meat combining in itself the albuminous together with the extractive principles, such a preparation would have to be preferred to the *extractum carnis*, for it would contain all the nutritive constituents of meat." Baron Liebig, whose name English people will always hold in grateful recollection, went on to say: "I have before stated that in preparing the extract of meat the albuminous principles remain in the residue; they are lost to nutrition, and this is certainly a great disadvantage." The albumen and fibrine contained in Bovril are procured from fresh beef; when reduced to a very fine powder they are added to a specially prepared extract of beef. The great point to be noted here is the infinitesimal subdivision of the particles. Thus the difficulty of digestion is mechanically anticipated by enormously multiplying the surfaces of contact and increasing the permeability of the digestive fluids, so furnishing the perfection of nourishment with the least possible expenditure of vital energy. These constituents are prepared at the Bovril factories in the Argentine Republic and in Australia, and are blended under the scientific supervision of Mr. William Elliott Johnston, at the London premises of the Bovril Company.

In view of the recent purchase of the Bovril Company's business by Mr. Hooley for the sum of two millions sterling, and of the immediate re-launching of the undertaking with a capital commensurate with the magnitude of its trade, some details of the manner in which Bovril is prepared for the world's consumption should prove specially interesting. It may seem almost superfluous to record the fact that Bovril is made of the finest ox-beef which South America,

Australia, and other countries can produce. No particular merit is claimed for the actual extract of beef prepared by the Bovril Company in Argentina; it is neither better nor worse than any other, except some improvement in the matter of flavour. The difference consists in the subsequent development of and the addition to this extract. It is instructive to note that in pre-Bovril days the hundreds of thousands of oxen which travellers through South America marvelled at as the great droves of cattle wended their slow way to the *saladeros* of the Argentine and Uruguay Republics were slaughtered merely for the sake of their hides and tallow! Immediately the oxen are killed now, the whole of the superfluous fat and bone is removed, and the beef, finely chopped, is placed in huge vats of cold water. The decoction is next strained and concentrated in a most elaborate manner until it becomes a paste—in other words, the extract of meat with which we are all familiar. This extract consists of the soluble salts of flesh, which give meat its flavour and odour. It is not a food, but simply a nerve-stimulant possessed of the power of evoking latent vitality. The popular fallacy that extract of meat and beef-tea are nutrients has been the deplorable cause of many thousands of deaths by starvation. It should be known to all that it is only as a stimulant and a tonic that extract of meat is useful—in fact, as an adjunct to more nutritious foods.

To employ an apt and easily comprehended illustration of Mr. Lawson Johnston's, beef-tea is poker, nourishment is fuel, and heat can no more be obtained from a poker than the body can be maintained on ordinary extract of meat or beef-tea. What is wanted for the fire is fuel; what is wanted for the body are the ingredients of

ments have been negotiating with the Bovril Company for the supply of concentrated foods, while our own naval and military authorities have made numerous experimental trials with the ration cartridges of various kinds which contain desiccated meat, albumenoids, and extractives, potatoes and other vegetables, pea-flour, bacon, etc. The opinions of high military and naval authorities as to the invaluable character of these rations are, without exception, most gratifying and flattering.

Everything is gained by the adoption of Bovril and its various forms of rations. The soldier who carries ordinary vegetables is not aware that he is burdened with an extra weight of water amounting to 95 per cent. If he carries lean beef he will be astonished to know that here again there is from 75 to 80 per cent. of water; whereas all the constituents of the Bovril rations have the inestimable advantage of being water-free, and of containing absolutely nothing that is not directly capable of building and repairing the tissues of the body or furnishing energy to keep it warm and to do its work.

In the preparation of these army rations due regard is paid to the physical and climatic requirements of the troops. A soldier who is marching twenty miles a day must have a certain quantity of food containing the necessary potential energy. Of course, if he is marching only ten miles a day, he requires a proportionately less amount of such food.

The majority of the Governments now use compressed beef, but the theory of this ordinary compression is misleading, and for this reason: to compress beef it has first to be put into pickle for a fortnight, which expresses from it not only the soluble salts but the soluble albumen. The beef is then boiled, and its juices are further lost in the

water and still further in the compression into tins. The result is a product difficult of digestion and assimilation, and liable to produce scurvy; but by the Bovril Company's special processes the water only is removed, and that by evaporation at a temperature below the coagulating point of albumen. By these Bovril processes, which are numerous and complicated, 90 per cent. of water is, as we have said, taken away from vegetables and 75 to 80 per cent. from beef. Thus we get digestible nourishment pure and simple, minus the water, which can be added when required for use, and that is the theory of compression adopted in the case of the Bovril special foods. Little



CATTLE IN CORRAL, ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

which the body is composed, and they are the aforesaid albumen and fibrine. There is fibrine in grass, but we have not time to eat it, even if we could assimilate it. Nature, however, has come to our assistance, here and elsewhere, and has elaborated a process by which the ox chews the grass at his leisure and supplies us with the perfected albumen and fibrine minus the waste which the grass contains. The beef made for us by the ox is chemically the same as the flesh of our own body. It may be regarded as fluid and solid. The fluid holds in suspension a variety of ingredients which give to the beef flavour and odour. The solid is muscular tissue, etc., which, in cooked meat, contains the entire proteid or flesh-forming constituents of the meat.

The fluid is beef-tea, or, when concentrated, it is extract of beef; the solid is albumen and fibrine, and the combination is Bovril. To produce the albumen and fibrine the lean of the best oxen is selected, from which are separated all tendon, cartilage, fat, and water. There is necessarily much waste before a pound of this elaborated beef is obtained. After the evaporation of the water (of which lean beef contains about 75 per cent.) the albumen and fibrine are produced in a granulated form, and are forwarded in hermetically sealed tins to London, where they are converted into the Bovril of commerce. It is at the extensive premises in Bath Street that we see many of the processes through which the Bovril passes before it is bottled, labelled, and packed for distribution.

Enormously as the Bovril business has expanded, the ruling spirits of the vast enterprise have only as yet touched the fringe of the possibilities which are open to them abroad as well as at home, and not only in respect of Bovril itself, but also in their comparatively new departure devoted to scientific dietetics for military, expeditionary, and hospital purposes.

The question of food-supply for military purposes is of the highest importance. Already several foreign Govern-

wonder then that the military expert of to-day is interested in these *multum in parvo* rations.

There is another important point to be mentioned in connection with extract, or rather extracts, of beef. Wherever they are made they vary in taste. Thus, one extract will have a burnt flavour, a second a bitter or metallic flavour, a third a sweetish flavour, as in the case of the extracts which come from Australia. "We imagine," said Mr. Johnston to the writer, "that we overcome these objectionably pronounced characteristics by using the extract of our own manufacture plus the extract from Argentina plus the extracts from Australia; and, by combining all together, we get a desirable blend minus any undesirable peculiarity whatsoever, yet retaining all the good points."

Although the processes employed in the manufacture and preparation of Bovril are, as might be expected, of a somewhat complicated character, it is possible to give the reader a general idea of them within a very brief compass. Before cooking our hare, Mrs. Glasse sagely tells us, we must catch it; and so it is with the Bovril Company—they must get their oxen before they can make their appetising and valuable products. And they get their splendid beeves in South America and Australia, the majority, we understand, being purchased in the first-mentioned country, which may be aptly termed the Home of the Ox. In those remote parts oxen are absurdly cheap, as well as abnormally splendid animals. They are not cooped-up, stall-fed creatures, but under the most natural and healthy conditions they roam over hundreds of miles of the most luxurious pasturage in the world. Much of the herbage of the South American *campo* or *pampa* is known as "alfafa," and in this country as "lucerne," and it is in reality clover-grass of the best quality. "Alfafa" is regularly sown and assiduously cultivated, giving no fewer than five or six crops a year. To a population in the Argentine Republic of about four millions there are something like



PETS.

one hundred and fifty million head of cattle and sheep; and *à propos* it may be mentioned that the oxen which are destined to be converted into Bovril are matured cattle of four or five years old. A halfpenny a pound is, we believe,

to the Maine Liquor Law) came into operation, and a great temperance wave well-nigh submerged Canada. Something was wanted to take the place of intoxicating drinks, and the desired substitute was found in Mr.

the recent campaigns the Bovril productions were found to be of the greatest utility.

Amongst the happiest of Mr. Johnston's inventions are what are known as ration cartridges, containing meat albumenoids and extractives, with desiccated leguminous and farinaceous seeds, bacon, etc. There are two or three kinds of these rations, some in hermetically sealed tins, and others in parchment rolls; and there can be no doubt that they will, sooner or later, be more or less generally adopted for use by all armies, their unique value being obvious. The contents of some of the cartridges are sufficient for two rations; others, contained in a tin with two compartments, consist of a dinner portion and a cocoa portion, the latter being a specially concentrated preparation of cocoa and albumen flakes. The net weight of the dinner portion is from four to five-and-a-half ounces, and of the cocoa portion two-and-a-half ounces. Supplementary to these cartridges, all you want are water and one-and-a-quarter pounds of bread or biscuits. There are, besides, rations for two, three, or four days. The bacon ration is made up of the best Irish bacon freed of its water, bone, and rind, and ready for use with bread or biscuit, knives, forks, plates, condiments, etc., being unnecessary; and we are assured that eight ounces of meat so treated is equal to sixteen ounces of ordinary cured bacon. Then there is the "emergency" ration, with two compartments, one containing meat extractives and albumenoids, and the other a highly concentrated preparation of cocoa and soluble proteids of meat juice. This ration yields four pints of soup and the same of cocoa, or it may be eaten dry. Other specialties which have rapidly leapt into popularity are desiccated potatoes, retaining all the original flavour; dried vegetables and lime-juice nodules, the latter made up both as anti-scorbutics and as sweet-meats, the lime-juice, in a concentrated form, being coated with chocolate. If further evidence were wanted of the superiority of Bovril over all other produc-



LASOING CATTLE IN THE ARGENTINE.

about the price paid for the prime South American ox beef; and before Mr. Johnston introduced his specialties to a waiting world, tens of thousands of oxen were annually slain, not for their beef, but solely for their hides and tallow! The sturdy Gauchos, whose muscular athleticism is famed the world over, still live, as their fathers did before them, on beef, their daily quantum being between eight and ten pounds, uncontaminated by such trifles as bread or vegetables, or indeed anything else.

The career of Mr. J. Lawson Johnston, the inventor of Bovril, is a most interesting one, though to detail it even in the most attenuated outline would necessitate much more space than is at our present command. During his early education at Edinburgh he devoted himself to the study of dietetics and the chemistry of food. Subsequently he journeyed through the principal countries of Europe and America, carrying out many experiments with a view to the development of scientific dietetics, the adaptation of special foods to special climatic and physical requirements, and the production of hygienic rations combining a minimum bulk with a maximum force and muscle-forming quality. A year or two after the Homeric struggle between France and Germany in 1870-71, Mr. Johnston went to Canada, commissioned to prepare special rations for victualling the army and forts in France. At that time he was fully aware that all the extracts of meat extant were devoid of nourishment. He had tried peptines, cold-drawn albumens, and high-pressed albumens; but coagulated albumen and fibrine were insoluble, and Liebig himself had declared, *urbi et orbi*, that it was apparently impossible to furnish them in a soluble form. That Mr. Johnston eventually succeeded in solving the seemingly insoluble has been shown above. He realised Baron Liebig's desideratum—a combination of the albumenoids with the extractive or stimulating properties of beef, forming a perfect fluid digestible with the least possible expenditure of vital energy. The success of the new albumenised extract throughout Canada was instantaneous. Just at that time the Scott Act (similar

Johnston's new extract, which eminent physicians not only heartily approved but prescribed. His principal factory at Montreal being destroyed by fire, Mr. Johnston accepted an advantageous offer for his Canadian and American businesses, and returned to this country as a retired man. The new preparation, in an improved form, was now re-named "Bovril." Lord Playfair at once evinced considerable interest in the scientific features of Mr. Johnston's invention, and became ultimately chairman of the company formed by Mr. Johnston, who resigned the chairmanship in Lord Playfair's favour, contenting himself

and albumenoids, and the other a highly concentrated preparation of cocoa and soluble proteids of meat juice. This ration yields four pints of soup and the same of cocoa, or it may be eaten dry. Other specialties which have rapidly leapt into popularity are desiccated potatoes, retaining all the original flavour; dried vegetables and lime-juice nodules, the latter made up both as anti-scorbutics and as sweet-meats, the lime-juice, in a concentrated form, being coated with chocolate. If further evidence were wanted of the superiority of Bovril over all other produc-



BRANDING CATTLE FOR BOVRIL.

with the position he now holds of vice-chairman. Lord Playfair co-operated with the late Baron Liebig in his scientific researches for many years, and translated his writings into English. It is also matter of history that a number of scientific expeditions have been fitted out by the Bovril Company, including the Nansen, the Wellman, and the Jackson-Harrowsworth enterprise; and that in all

tions of a similar kind, it would be found in the fact of its adoption by our principal hospitals; well-known authorities like Mr. T. W. Nunn, F.R.C.S., Consulting Surgeon to the Middlesex Hospital; Mr. Lennox Browne, Dr. Yorke-Davies, and others prescribing and advising its use in preference to all and every other "food."



C. HAIGH WOOD. 93.

PREPARING FOR CONQUEST.—BY C. HAIGH WOOD.



SPORTING SUBJECTS BY ARCHIBALD THORBURN: NO. VI.—THROUGH THE DEEP DRIFT.

CLIMBING IN THE SNOW.

BY A. J. BUTLER.

"I suppose it is only snow-mountains that you take any account of, and that rock-peaks do not reckon as mountains?" a Swiss tourist is reported to have observed to a climber. He was sadly off the mark. As most people interested in mountaineering are aware, the modern tendency is all in favour of rock-climbing. It is a curious instance of reversion. The natural man, as everyone who has travelled in the less explored parts of the Alps will know, has a holy horror of snow and ice. The present writer was once descending a Tyrolean peak with two local guides, clambering down nasty little rocks which it was hardly possible to touch without disturbing a piece the size of a folio volume. Close at hand an unbroken slope of snow stretched downwards. The day was yet young, and the snow was still obviously quite "firm." Later in the day it would very possibly resemble an ill-made lemon water-ice, ready on the smallest pressure to give way and slither down into the crevasses of the glacier some thousand feet below; but that time had not yet come, and it was quite clear that by adopting that line of route the point for which the party was making, at a rate of progress which seemed to foretell another hour at least of laborious and slightly dangerous scrambling, could be safely reached in a few minutes. It took, however, no such persuasion to induce the two worthy Tyrolean peasants to adopt this view, though when the snow-slope had been left behind they were ready to admit the justice of it. Many intrepid hunters, who, in the pursuit of their game, will by themselves traverse precipices by little notches and ledges only just wide enough to admit a finger, or a single spike of the "climbing-irons," have the strongest possible objection to crossing a glacier even with a companion and a rope.

There is a sound reason at the bottom of this distrust of snow and ice. On rocks, if they be fairly sound, you see your difficulties. It is a case of what you *can* do and what you *cannot*. Such and such a slab or pitch, when you have once discovered the way to tackle it, is "negotiable" or it is not, according to the climber's physical qualifications. This is no doubt a chief reason why most rock-climbs are

nothing of the formidable appearance of the mass, suppresses the smaller details upon which ease or difficulty really depends. "You don't mean to say people get up there?" I should as soon think of going up the outside of St. Paul's, is the kind of remark which—at least until the last few years, and everyone knows all about it—might

catastrophe and a laughable break in the monotony perhaps of a tedious bit of walking.

Another qualification for the snow-climber which practice and experience alone can give is the faculty of judging when it is safe to venture upon a steeply inclined snow-slope. In fine weather, and in the early part of the day, snow may be so hard as to require steps to be cut in it no less (though less laboriously) than in solid ice, while after a cloudy, and therefore warm, night, or late enough in the day for the sun to exert its full power, the same snow may be ready, on the slightest provocation, to slide on the bed of ice or harder snow which usually underlies such slopes, and to sweep every object on its surface away with it. If the slope be so constructed that its inclination gradually decreases as it descends, no great harm will be done if the traveller should happen to be one of those objects; and, indeed, this property of snow is frequently utilised in what is called a "sitting glissade," where you may ride down many hundreds of feet in a few seconds, mounted on the huge snowball which gradually accumulates between your legs—perhaps the most exhilarating pastime which the mountains afford. But if, as sometimes happens, your snow-slope terminates in a precipice, or even in broken rocks, this mode of progression is not advisable.

Of all the dangers peculiar to snow-mountains, however, the most insidious is probably the "cornice," which often forms the upper boundary of a snow-slope, and curls like the crest of a breaking wave over the reverse face of the mountain. There is, as a rule, nothing to indicate its existence when seen, so to say, from the back; and its surface

usually presents a tempting line of ascent. The old hand will, however, prefer, even at the cost of more laborious walking, to keep some way below the apparently softly rounded ridge, knowing that the broad way which it offers is one of those which most effectually lead to destruction. It is but a few weeks since the neglect of this precaution caused—not for the first time in the same spot—the loss of several lives on the Lyskamm.

A curious variety of the cornice is sometimes found in the shape of horns or pinnacles of snow, such as occur on one of the most famous "view-peaks" of the Alps, the Gross-Venediger. Blown up, it would seem, by eddies of



THE ASCENT OF THE JUNGFRAU.

have been heard from the uninitiated. Even the initiated were sometimes deceived.

It is otherwise with snow and ice. The novice sees a gleaming staircase of moderate inclination, leading up to gently undulating snow-fields, and is amazed to learn that the individual steps are in many cases formed by masses of ice among which the Pyramids would look insignificant, divided and moated by chasms of which Pompey's Pillar, the Vendôme Column, and the Monument, jointed together after the manner of a fishing-rod, would be all too short to reach the bottom; while those soft white fields conceal in their folds even larger abysses, sometimes

entirely hidden from all but the most practised eyes by the overlying mantle of snow. Of the kind of work required to traverse these apparently easy slopes our Illustrations will give some idea, though they represent by no means "sensational" incidents. Two of them, indeed, are merely pictures of situations in which a glacier-traveller may expect to find himself in the course of any day's journey. They may also serve to give some idea of the kind of labyrinth through which a way has to be found, and, when it is remembered that the surface of the ice changes from day to day, the skill which is required to hit off the right path. So long as the glacier is free from snow, as it usually is in its lower part, the penalty for taking the wrong direction need—at all events in fine weather—be no more than loss of time, with perhaps the consequent necessity of abandoning an expedition; but when the crevasses are masked by snow it needs a good deal of experience to recognise the slight depression of the surface which marks a hidden abyss.

Few things are more

interesting than to observe the way in which a good guide will make his way among a network of concealed pitfalls, hardly slackening his pace, save when, for greater security, he sounds a doubtful spot with the handle of his axe. Of course over ground of this kind the rope ought never to be unemployed, and it is most essential that it be always kept taut, so as to reduce as much as possible the jerk in the event, which may occur with the most practised guides, of a hole being overlooked. Everyone who has travelled for a season or two in the high Alps is sure to be able to recall some case in which the use of the rope has made all the difference between a ghastly



A SNOW-PINNACLE.

found (weather-conditions being the same) much more difficult on the first few than on subsequent ascents. Every hand and foot hold becomes known, and success depends merely on the athletic proficiency of the climber, or more frequently, perhaps, on that of his guide.

Rock-climbing, no doubt, has the great advantage in these days that it impresses the inexperienced observer much more readily. The precipices of the Meije or the Matterhorn, the vertical walls of some Dolomite stronghold, are conspicuous far and wide, and the distance of a mile or two away, at which they are generally viewed, while abating



THE ASCENT OF THE JUNGFRAU.

air acting on both sides of a sharp snow-ridge, these rise sometimes to a height of 25 ft. or 30 ft. above the permanent top of the mountain. Unlike the pinnacles shown in our Illustration, they have no solid rocky core, nor would it be possible to ascend them. Their number varies, and some years they are altogether absent.

Interesting, even fascinating, as a good rock-climb may be, it is certain that no man can be a thorough mountaineer who has not acquired some tincture of snowcraft, nor can he claim to know the full glories of the mountains who has not "entered into the treasure of the snow."

SKETCHES AT THE OLD BAILEY.



COOKING THE JUDGE'S LUNCH.



IN THE BARRISTERS' ROBING-ROOM



IN THE WITNESSES' WAITING-ROOM.

THE LADIES' PAGE. DRESS.

There is no doubt about it; the trimmed skirt is upon us. We no longer only talk about it; we wear it, and under certain conditions it deserves such honour. Take, for example, that trimmed skirt sketched on this page. This is not very full, and indeed fits tightly round the front and the hips, while the trimming is graduated down in the centre of the front and up at the back, and is formed of ruchings of net. Ruchings were old styles beloved of our grandmothers, and upon these we nod approval continually



DRESS WITH TRIMMED SKIRT.

to-day. The corsage which completes that dress shows a drapery of lace, short puffed net sleeves edged with the ruching, while the trimming straight across the front is of white net liberally *diamanté*. Embroidered nets now push their way rapidly to popularity; these are excessively expensive, but no less charming. A black net looks well elaborately traced with sequins and diamonds and silver, and as an easy means to a gown for half mourning may be cordially recommended to the prodigal. Skirts made entirely of net are delightful this year when showing jet or steel embroidery. They need a double lining, the one of chiffon and the other of silk, to show them to their best advantage, and they should be possessed of as little fullness as possible, else will their weight be found prohibitive. The thrifty woman, or at least she who is moderately thrifty, may with the help of these nets successfully renovate her last year's black satin dress: cutting away the silken lining, to this she may lightly drape the satin with black chiffon, and, over this gather the embroidered net. On the hem of the satin should be a frill of the satin, and on the chiffon a frill of chiffon, and over these the net will hang with grace.

The easiest method of making a bodice is in the swathed fashion, and the décolletage should be bordered with a chemisette of white tulle in the front just peeping up above the folds. A tight transparent sleeve of the embroidered net extending from a very short puff of plain net will be the best style of sleeve, and the renovated dress will be ready to take its place among the most modern models. Of course, any light silk dress could be treated in the same way, and the variety of light nets embroidered in coloured silks, as well as with sequins and jewels, is practically endless. White net embroidered with gold sequins and gold thread and pearls is very beautiful, and beautiful, too, is a white net with mauve and pink and blue flowers, traced with pearls of various hues. But the embroidered nets are not having it all their own way; plain nets are very much in favour too, and the same may be said of the spotted net. A very pretty evening dress may be contrived from a spotted net trimmed with bands of white satin ribbon. Three of these placed rather closely together nine inches from the hem form an effective trimming, and the bodice should be full, gathered into a deep corselet belt of white satin, fastened with the indispensable Parisian diamond button, while the sleeves to such a gown could either have short puffs or be made of the net gathered tightly to the wrist. This latter style has my approval as being more becoming to nine women out of ten.

I am afraid we are growing very extravagant in these days; this is a fear which has been haunting me, or, shall I say, delighting me, all the week, when I have met

several women wearing bodices entirely made of fur. One of these of special charm was of chinchilla with a basque attached round the waist with a narrow band of gold galloon studded with turquoise, the sleeves and skirt which completed this bodice being of black velvet. Another tangible reason for my dread was a short bodice reaching but to the waist, tight at the back, but overhanging in the front, made of ermine. The front of this turned back with extremely narrow violet velvet revers, and showed a vest of pleated chiffon fastened at the neck with a sailor knot of chiffon edged with lace. The sleeves were of violet velvet, gathered blouse fashion into narrow cuffs of ermine, and the bodice was worn with a violet velvet skirt and crowned with a toque made of violets tied in the centre with a large bow of violet watered ribbon. Yet a third excuse have I found for my belief in the prodigality of the age in a bolero of broadtail hanging in pleats over the shoulders and showing a tight under-bodice of ermine. This was completed round the neck with a collar of chinchilla and had cuffs of the same, and broadtail sleeves. The combination of three furs was particularly successful, and the wearer of this most desirable garment explained to me that she possessed for its further improvement a basque of broadtail which she could either adjust or dispense with at will. It was made on a separate band of black satin studded with many coloured jewels, and could be attached round the waist over the band of the ermine waistcoat so that it looked like one garment. It is quite the fashion to-day to make a fur coat play its part in different forms. One firm in town, indeed, turns out a fur coat which could be transformed into three separate garments. This is made of black astrachan, and under one aspect is an Eton jacket with sleeves. Under another it is a short basqued coat with a belt studded with jewels round the waist. Then again, its basque divides in two and forms epaulettes over the armholes, whence the sleeves are removed, and yet another change may be effected in the same coat by buttoning over the revers in double-breasted fashion. The notion is ingenious, and deserves to be commended, for after all if we wear one fur coat during the winter, we fickle women are apt to get rather tired of its charms, and such changeable conduct as this may be written down at least as endearing.

An outdoor garment of considerable attraction, which, alas! cannot be transformed into other shape, is that pelisse sketched on this page. Made of velvet or in poplin, this fastens over at one side with a metal clasp, has draped revers and oversleeves hemmed with sable, and shows a yoke and tight sleeves of brocaded velvet. Such a coat as this might be well adapted either for evening wear or day wear, but, of course, if it were to serve the former purpose the lower portions of the sleeves had best be cut considerably larger.

"Joke" may be advised to cover her dress with finely spotted net, trimming the hem of this with three ruchings. The berthe might be made of the same material edged with Brussels lace. I cannot cordially commend the introduction of colour, save, perhaps, in the belt, which might be of gold set with turquoise. PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

Women have been taking an active interest in the Presidential election in America; among the paid speakers have been many ladies, but more still have shared in the contest in one way and another from pure public spirit. It is a striking fact that in this election, so involved in principles and so important in issues, the women of two of the States, Colorado and Utah, have exercised their franchise for the supreme government for the first time. Wyoming women have had the suffrage since 1869, and hence voting is not new to them. The *San Francisco Daily Call* observes drily that when a delegation from the Republican women of Wyoming waited on Major McKinley they "did not present him with a bouquet of pinks and assure him that he should have their prayers, but they said in a straightforward way: 'We rejoice in your nomination, and we are going to vote for you'; and nobody in the crowd seemed to respect them less because they were going to exercise votes, and not 'indirect influence.'" Even in the rest of the States, however, the candidates have both made the strongest efforts to secure the "indirect influence" of women, holding special meetings for ladies in the large towns.

It is also a token of the influence of women that the moral character of both candidates has been exalted by their respective supporters: both are good family men, and the most has been made of the fact that nothing ever detains Major McKinley unnecessarily from the side of his delicate partner, and that Mrs. Bryan is so much her husband's chum that she studied law in order to help him in his business before he took to journalism and politics in preference to law. It will certainly be a drawback to Mr. McKinley that his wife is an invalid, for the President's wife is as much an object of personal interest as a leader of Washington society and a lady as our own Princesses are to us. But the issue at stake was too momentous to admit of such a minor consideration preventing the apostle of "honest money" and Protection getting in. The circumstance would, however, be very likely to militate against a second term, judging by the degree to which public interest in Mr. Cleveland's re-election to office seemed to centre in its causing Mrs. Cleveland's return to the White House.

Immediately after my last week's column left my hands the elevation of Dr. Creighton to the See of London was announced; the president of the Union of Women Workers thus becomes the wife of the Bishop of London, a position of increased influence, in which her interest in all that concerns the welfare of women cannot but have a beneficial effect. The next year's conference is appointed to meet at Croydon, a locality immediately under the influence of the wife of the Bishop of London, as well as in the close neighbourhood of the Archbishop's residence, Addington.

These facts must tend to increase the importance of the gathering, but it should be understood that there is no sort of religious tie or restriction as to membership.

A young lady of excellent social standing has been appointed the manager of her Majesty's dairy at Balmoral. Miss Griffiths belongs to a very old Welsh family, and is the daughter of Mr. Griffiths, of Penally Court, Tenby, a member of the Welsh Land Commission and a famous breeder of "Castle Martin" cattle. Thus Miss Griffiths has been trained in the midst of the business to which she is now turning her attention for the Queen's special herds as her Majesty's chief Dairymaid.

Ireland is very generous to women students, and the pretty and clever Irish girls show their appreciation of the advantages thrown open to them in the most practical manner—namely, by taking full advantage of all the opportunities. The degrees of Trinity College, Dublin, are still refused, and the prizes gained by girls at the Queen's Colleges are given to the men who have passed an inferior examination. But all the leading medical schools of Ireland are open to women (in mixed classes), and the Royal Irish University counts many women graduates. This University has just had its public degree-conferring ceremony, and a large number of ladies took their coveted parchment from the hand of the Vice-Chancellor. Amongst the graduates was one (Miss Hannah Moylan) who took the B.Sc. degree with mathematical honours, and another (Miss Annie McElderry) who received mathematical honours in the M.A. examination; in the same abstruse subject she had previously, in the course of her student career, taken a number of prizes and scholarships. Best of all, however, it is announced that in the more recent examinations, a young lady, Miss Ryan, has won "the blue ribbon of the University" by coming out "first in all Ireland," that is, as I understand, taking the largest number of honours in different subjects, a distinction which carries with it a prize of £300. How good it is to know that some of these aids to further scholarships are now open to women, though the vast sums that the past has consecrated to this use in connection with Oxford and Cambridge are still reserved for the other sex alone.

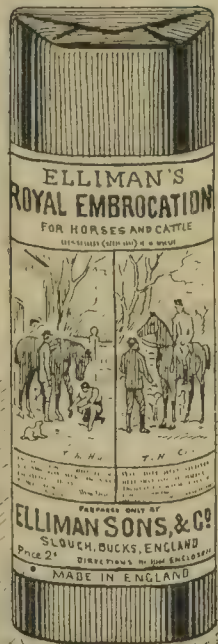
There is a reverse to the true old saying, "'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good." The manifold benefits of the electric light in saving the health and eyesight of employes (the number of absences from illness being much reduced in the Post Office and also in one of the great railways' clerks' rooms, for instance, by getting rid of the contamination of the atmosphere by gas), has its other side in the complaint raised by some shop-assistants in London that the buildings now are so bitterly cold as to be almost



A VELVET PELISSE.

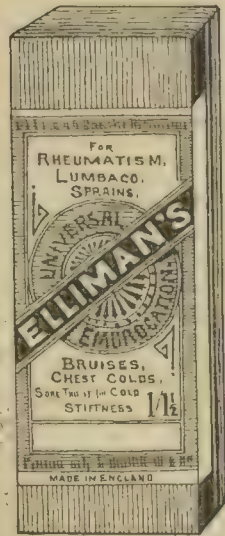
unendurable. Employers ought to be compelled to keep a right temperature in shops as much as they are in factories and work-rooms by the Factory Acts.

Now that the Christmas pudding looms in the immediate perspective of the housewife, it seems a favourable opportunity to call attention to the utility of the "Atora" Refined Beef Suet, prepared by Messrs. Hugon. It is guaranteed to be prepared from the finest English ox suet only, and as the process employed removes all the skin and fibre and reduces the suet to a beautiful block, easily shredded and perfectly dissolved in the course of the cooking, it must be an improvement on the ordinary chopped article. It is used not only for puddings, etc., but also is an excellent frying fat. F. F. M.



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TO

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CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

H T BAILEY.—The first two-mover is sadly marred by duals. The symmetrical position shall have attention.

F PROCTOR (West Bergholt).—We are in receipt of your extremely courteous letter.

R E P SQUINNS (Nottingham).—Apply to the British Chess Company, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.

I DELITAS.—Problem shall be examined.

F H BUTLER (Providence, U.S.A.).—We prefer to have problems on a diagram, but we shall make an exception this time in your favour. We will report on its merits later.

C PLANCH.—Your contributions are very welcome.

R A COLVILLE.—Thanks, it shall have attention.

MAX J MEYER (Jersey).—Your last contribution is scarcely up to your or our standard.

H D BERNARD.—Your problem is too easy for publication.

F LIBBY.—Very neat, and shall appear in due course.

A WICKLER (Workshop).—Both your problems are marked for insertion in proper order.

TWYNAM (Bournemouth).—Why not 2. Q takes R, K takes Kt; 3. Q to B 5th, mate?

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2737 and 2738 received from Upendranath Maitra (Madhapur); of No. 2742 from R H Brooks and C W Smith (Stroud); of No. 2743 from Sorrento, T Roberts, George C Turner (Solihull Lodge), Ubique, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), Castle Lea, R Worters (Canterbury), T Chown, J Bailey (Newark), C E M (Ayr), Oliver Icingla, J F Moon, and Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2744 received from L Desanges, J S Wesley (Exeter), Ubique, Hermit, E P Vulliamy, G Griffiths (Tewkesbury), M A Eyre (Folkestone), Julia Short (Exeter), Bluet, Shadforth, F A Carter (Malden), Sorrento, Castle Lea, W D A Barnard (Uppingham), Frank R Pickering, F Proctor (West Bergholt), W R Raillem, Dawn, T Roberts, T Chown, F James (Wolverhampton), F Anderson, G C Thomas (King's Heath), C A Hill, F W C (Edgbaston), C E M (Ayr), J F Moon, G C James Gamble (Belfast), R Worters (Canterbury), G J Veal, Alpha, R H Brooks, G T Hughes, C E Perugini, J Lake Ralph (Purley), W Lillie (Manchester), Oliver Icingla, Eugene Henry (Lewisham), Professor C Wagner (Vienna), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), M L Gillespie, and E Loudon.

CHESS IN THE CITY.

Game played in the City of London Chess Club Tournament between Messrs. W. WARD and P. HEALEY.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)	WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	17. P to B 4th	B to Kt 2nd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	18. B to K 3rd	Castles
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd	19. P to Q R 4th	K R to K sq
4. Castles	Kt takes P	20. P to R 5th	Kt to B sq
5. P to Q 4th	P to Q R 3rd	21. Kt to K 4th	B takes P
6. B takes Kt	Q P takes B		

It has been shown in recent games that in certain variations of the Lopez it is a mistake to capture the Q P, inasmuch as White gains a fine attacking position with R to Q sq later. This case is an example.

7. Q to K 2nd Kt to B 3rd
8. P takes P Kt to Q 4th
9. P to B 4th Kt to Kt 3rd
10. R to Q sq Q to K 2nd

The alternative B to Q 2nd leads to a very awkward game, and generally to loss. The text move is not satisfactory either, blocking as it does the King's Bishop.

11. Kt to B 3rd P to R 3rd
12. Kt to Q 4th P to Q B 4th
13. Kt to Q B 2nd B to K 3rd
14. Kt to K 3rd R to K sq
15. Kt (K 3) to Q 5th B takes Kt
16. P takes B P to Kt 3rd

This is the turning-point of the game. Black's idea was so good that it seems a pity it was unsuccessful. Naturally, he hoped to regain the piece with a Pawn or two pawns, and with correct play must, we think, have succeeded.

22. P takes B Q takes P
23. R to Q R 4th P to Q Kt 4th
24. P takes P (en pas) Kt takes P
25. Q to K B 2nd K to Kt 2nd

This is apparently the error which goes right away. Kt takes R was good enough, giving an exchange back simply.

26. B takes B P P to K B 3rd
27. B to Q 4th R takes P
28. Q takes P (ch) Q takes Q
29. Kt takes Q K to B 2nd
30. Kt takes R (at Q 4) Kt takes R
31. R to K B sq (ch) Resigns

CHESS IN BUDAPEST.

Game played in the tourney between Messrs. WINAWER and CHAROUSEK.
(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)	WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	12. B takes P	P takes B P
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	13. R to Kt sq	R P takes P
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q B 3rd	14. P to Q B 4th	P to Q Kt 4th
4. B to R 4th	P to Q 3rd	15. P to B 4th	K P takes P
5. P to Q 4th	B to Q 2nd		
6. P to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd		
7. B to K 2nd	P to K Kt 3rd		
8. P to K R 3rd	B to Kt 2nd		
9. B to K 3rd	Castles		
10. P to Q 5th			

The opening seems fairly good up to this point, but the advance of the centre Pawns becomes a source of weakness afterwards.

10. Kt to K 2nd
11. P to K Kt 4th P to K R 4th
12. Kt to R 2nd

Here again White is in a difficulty as to the management of his Pawns. If P takes P, Kt takes P, and there is no immediate chance of an attack. Probably P takes P, or P to Kt 5th would have proved better than the course actually pursued. Black's eleventh move is, in fact, the crux of the game.

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)
16. B takes P	P takes B P
17. B to Kt 5th	R P takes P
18. R P takes P	P takes P
19. R to B sq	Kt takes Kt P
20. B takes Kt	Kt takes Kt
21. R to R sq	B to Kt 5th
22. Q takes P	Kt to B 6th (ch)
23. K to B 2nd	B to Q 5th (ch)
24. K to Kt 3rd	B to K 4th (ch)
25. K to B 2nd	Q to Q 2nd
26. B to Q sq	Q to R 2nd (ch)
27. K to B sq	Q takes B
28. B takes Kt	Q to B 3rd

This quiet move leaves White utterly helpless. It is a nice finish to a very lively game.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2743.—By A. G. FELLOWS.

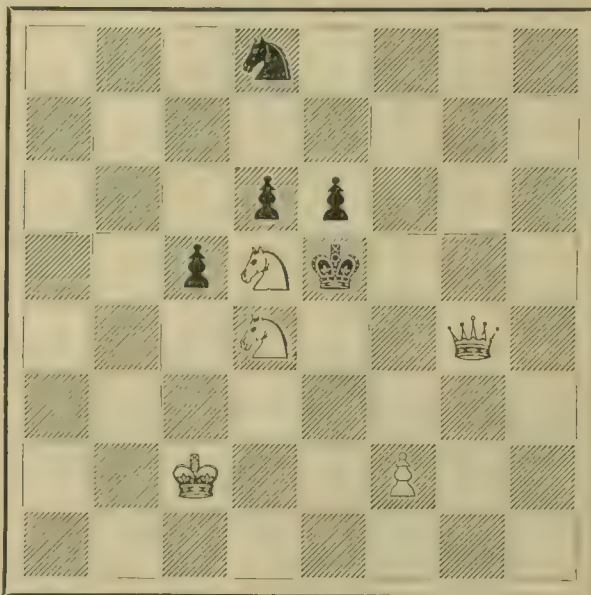
WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to B 2nd	P to Kt 5th
2. Q to B 4th (ch)	K to B 3rd, Q 3rd, or K 4th
3. Kt Mates accordingly.	

If Black play 1. P to B 5th, 2. Q to K 4th (ch); if 1. K moves, 2. Kt takes P; and if 1. P to Q 3rd, then 2. Q to Kt 3rd, K moves, 3. Q or Kt Mates.

PROBLEM No. 2746.

By C. PLANCH.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 22, 1880) of Sir George Murray Humphry, F.R.S., of Grove Lodge, Trumpington Street, Cambridge, Professor of Surgery to the University, who died on Sept. 24, was proved at the Peterborough District Registry on Oct. 23 by Dame Mary Humphry, the widow, and Alfred Paget Humphry, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £79,724. The testator gives his house, Grove Lodge, with the furniture and contents thereof, to his wife; and devises all his real estate, including that in Iowa, together with the live and dead stock and implements of husbandry, to his son Alfred Paget. The residue of his property he leaves as to one half thereof to his wife absolutely, one quarter to his son, and the remaining quarter, upon trust, for his daughter, Edith Humphry.

The will (dated May 13, 1895), with a codicil (dated Feb. 19, 1896), of the Right Hon. Henry William, Baron Congleton, of 13, Bryanston Square, who died on Oct. 10, was proved on Nov. 4 by the Right Hon. Caroline Margaret, Dowager Baroness Congleton, the widow, Major-General the Right Hon. Henry, Baron Congleton, and the Hon. Victor Alexander Lionel Dawson Parnell, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £62,465. The testator bequeaths £500, his wines and consumable stores, and the use during widowhood of his furniture, pictures, plate, etc., to his wife, and during her life sums of £200 per annum are to be paid to each of his daughters, Madeline Catharine Wells, Louisa Anna Maria Errington, and Elizabeth Mary Verner, and also to his daughter Mabel if she shall marry during that time. He devises all his freehold, leasehold, and copyhold estates to his son, the present Baron Congleton, but charged with the payment of £6063 13s. 3d. to his son Arthur, £750 per annum to his wife during her widowhood, and at her death a further sum of £5025 to his said son Arthur. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, and then between all their children in equal shares. He confirms a deed poll whereby £300 per annum was secured to his wife.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Aberdeen, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated Feb. 14, 1896) of Mr. Henry Farquharson Begg, of Tillyfour and Inchgarth, Aberdeen, the well-known whisky distiller, who died on May 9, granted to William Sanderson, William Reid Reid, and John Hay Begg, the sons, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on Oct. 16, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland being £40,071.

The will (dated Jan. 18, 1865), with two codicils (dated Feb. 14, 1884, and March 24, 1893), of Mr. John Mills, of Northwold, Dunham Massey, Chester, bank director, who died on Sept. 26, was proved at the Chester District Registry on Oct. 22 by Mrs. Isabella Mills, the widow, Edgar Coniston Mills, the son, William Armitage, and Arnold Thomas Watson, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £19,148. The testator bequeaths £50 to the Methodist New Connexion Day and Sunday School,

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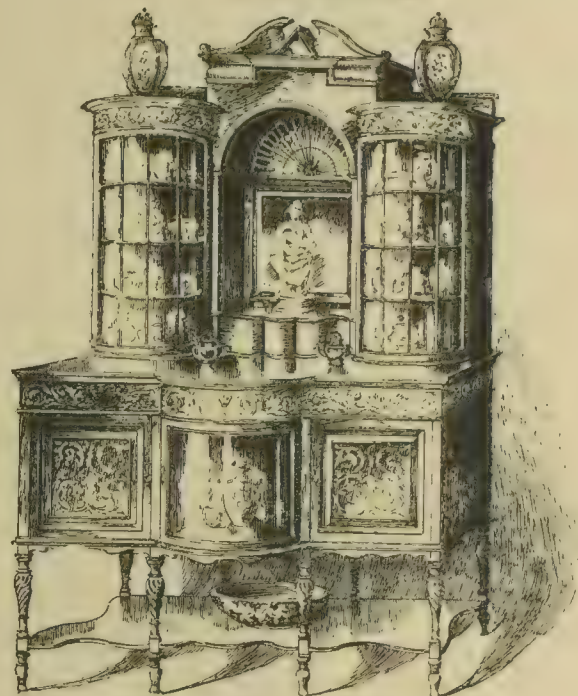
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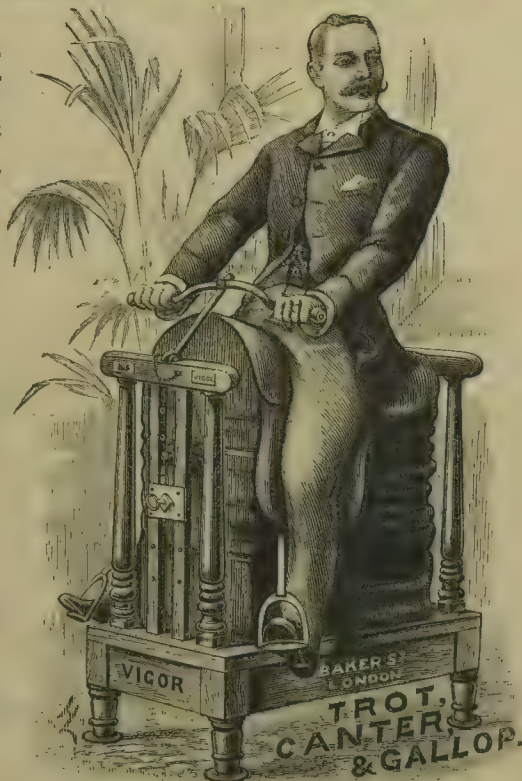
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The will of Mr. Ernest Woodgate, Mayor of Rochester, who died on Sept. 3 at Littlehampton, was proved on Oct. 31 by Mrs. Edith Julia Woodgate, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £8872.

The will (dated April 14, 1896) of the Rev. Henry Revell Reynolds, D.D., for thirty five years President of Cheshunt College, formerly of Adelaide Crescent, Brighton and late of Southover, Lansdowne Road, Worthing, who died on Sept. 10, was proved on Oct. 31 by Miss Katharine Marion Reynolds, the daughter, and Henry Revell Reynolds and Louis Baillie Reynolds, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £16,324. The testator gives £500 each and his plate, pictures, and books, and other articles of special value to his children; £66 per annum to his unmarried daughters; and annuities to two of his servants if in his employ at the time of his death. Under the powers of his marriage settlement he appoints £500 to his son Kenneth Lindsay Reynolds, previous appointments having been made in favour of other of his children. The residue of his property he leaves between his children, Katharine Marion, Henry Revell, Evan

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Mostly unnoticed, save in the medical journals, there passed a few weeks ago the jubilee of a certain discovery the importance of which can hardly be overestimated in its relation to suffering humanity. This was the jubilee of man's victory over pain. In plain language, on Oct. 16, 1846, the first surgical operation in which the patient was rendered unconscious (in this case by means of ether) was performed at Boston, Massachusetts. The operator in that case was a Dr. J. C. Warren. The administrator of the ether was a dentist, Dr. W. G. T. Morton. Prior to this successful operation (undertaken for the cure of a tumour in the neck) Horace Wells, who was in practice as a dentist in Hartford, Connecticut, had shown in his own person that nitrous oxide gas (or laughing gas), now in use by dentists, could be inhaled so as to produce complete insensibility to pain. This occurred on Dec. 11, 1844. The after-history of Wells was a sad one. He failed in demonstrating that nitrous oxide gas was a reliable anæsthetic before the students of the Massachusetts General Hospital, where, two years later, the successful ether experiment was destined to be carried out. Something or other prevented Wells from perfectly anæsthetising the patient. Probably the supply of the gas was too limited; at any rate, the students hissed poor Wells out of the hospital, and he perished ultimately by his own hand, an unstrung, broken-hearted man. He inhaled ether, and then opened one of the arteries of his forearm. This occurred on Jan. 24, 1848, in New York. Horace Wells must be remembered

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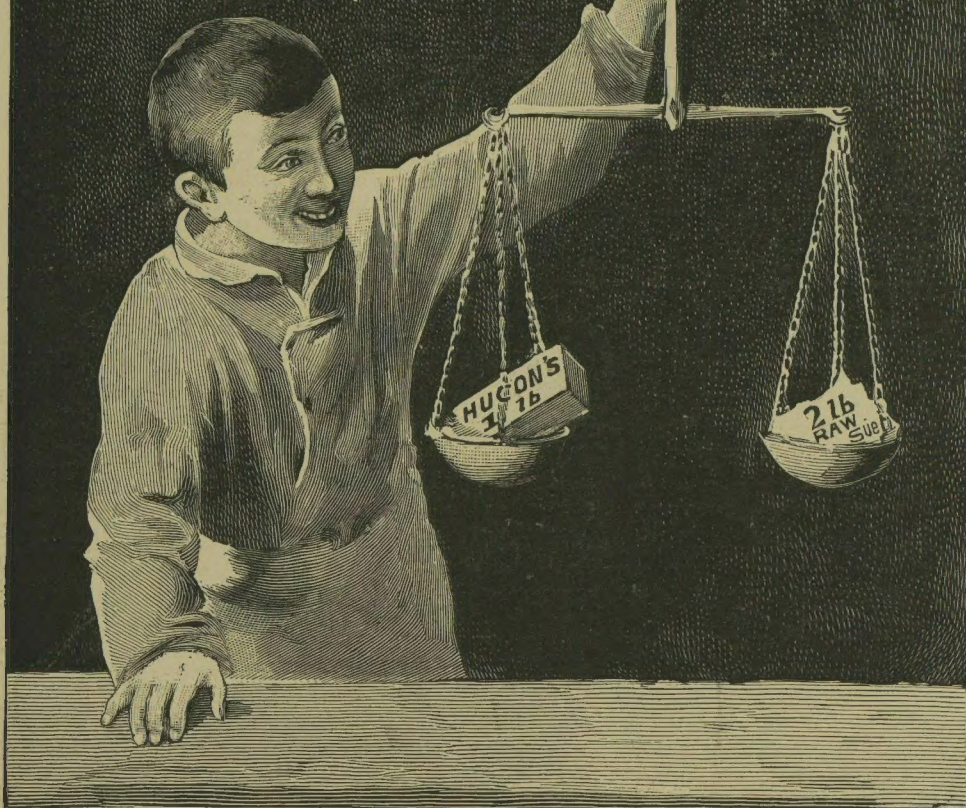
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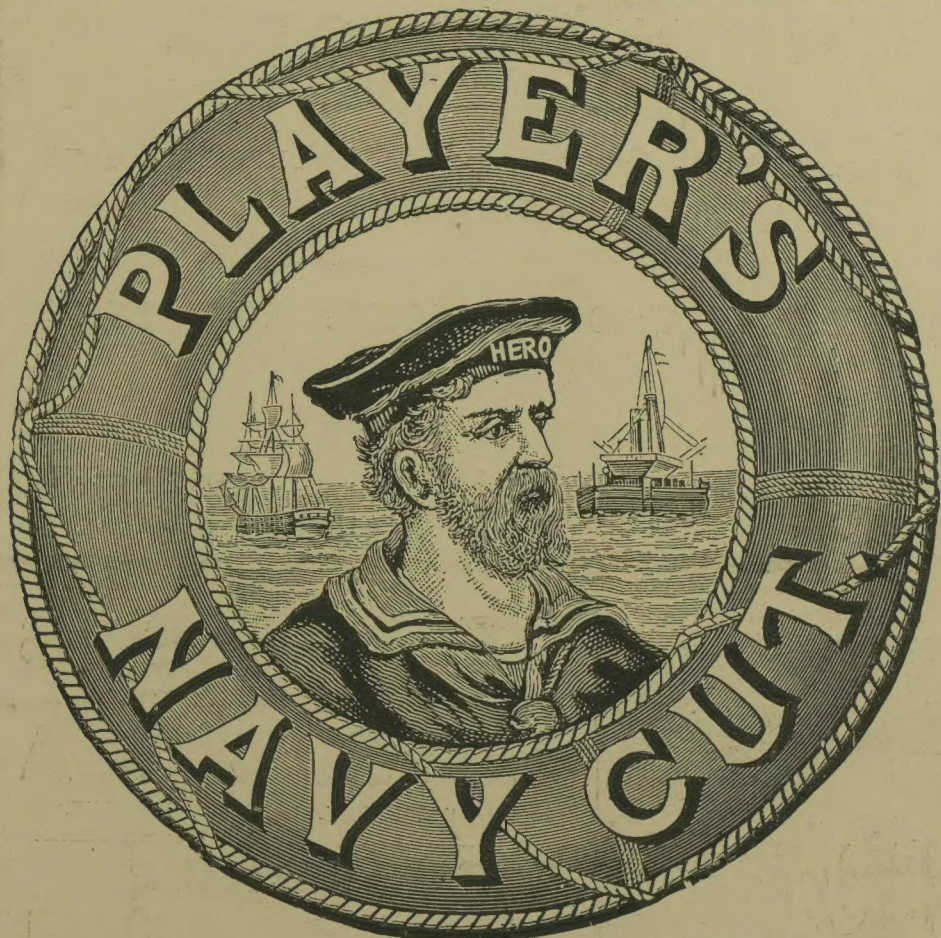
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as the first man who produced insensibility to pain by the direct inhalation of a gas or vapour. The martyr of one generation becomes the hero of the next. Hissed by the Boston students as a humbug, we find that Wells actually introduced an agent which the modern dentist finds highly satisfactory in the production of insensibility to pain.

Morton seems to have been recommended to try the vapour of sulphuric ether by Dr. C. T. Jackson, of Boston, who was a noted chemist. It was on Sept. 30, 1846, that he first rendered himself insensible by inhaling ether, and on the evening of the same day Morton extracted the tooth of a certain Eben. H. Frost, of 42, Prince Street, Boston, under the influence of the vapour. Then came the operation of Friday, Oct. 16, 1846, establishing the reliability of ether as an anæsthetic. Morton, like Wells, had a somewhat melancholy after-history. There was a deal of quarrelling about the priority of his discovery, although no doubt whatever appears to exist regarding Morton's claim to the title of the discoverer of the anæsthetic virtues of ether.

The fame of ether, of course, spread all over the world. It was Mr. Liston, the famous surgeon, who first used it in this country. This event took place in University College Hospital, London. The date was Dec. 22, 1846. The ether was administered by Dr. W. Squire, and amputation of the thigh was performed painlessly. To this day ether continues to be employed in hospitals and in private practice as a means of procuring temporary insensi-

bility. It is a safe agent in this respect, although it is less speedy in its action than another vapour, the merit of discovering which belonged to Sir James Simpson, the late distinguished Professor of Midwifery in the University of Edinburgh. It is related how Simpson, experimenting, as was his wont, on Nov. 4, 1847, with unknown agents in the search after a reliable pain-abolisher, took down a bottle containing a heavy, clear, sweet-smelling liquid, which had been long known as a chemical curiosity, and which had, if I mistake not, been first made by the distinguished chemist Scheele. There were present in Simpson's house with him the late Dr. Mathews Duncan and Dr. G. Keith. They all three sniffed at the vapour exhaled from the bottle, and then all three successively fell under the table. Professor Simpson was the first to recover, and saw Dr. Keith's legs making violent demonstrations, while Dr. Duncan was snoring heavily. The new vapour was chloroform, and Simpson's paper was read on Nov. 10, 1847, before the Medico-Chirurgical Society of Edinburgh, its title bearing that it was a description of a new anæsthetic which could be used as a substitute for ether.

The story of chloroform is, as usual in the history of most discoveries, a record of fruitless opposition and senseless criticism. Some ultra-orthodox Scotsmen, who, as is their little way, delight to "nail wi' Scriptur" their arguments and contentions, told Professor Simpson that his discovery was in its essence contrary to the declaration of Holy Writ. In pain and in sorrow woman has to bring

forth children. This was Heaven's decree, and if Simpson proposed to use chloroform to lighten the pains of labour, he would be invalidating the spirit of Genesis. But Simpson was equal to the subtleties of the "unco' guid." He adopted most the excellent rule of plying them back with another text. God, he said, caused Adam to fall into a deep sleep when the first surgical operation mentioned in the Bible was performed—that of removing a rib for the creation of Eve. This silenced the Biblical cavillers, and for the rest Simpson fought a hard battle with the scientific critics, and won.

The relative merits of ether and chloroform have, of course, been much discussed. Some surgeons use a mixture of the two, others a mixture of chloroform, ether, and alcohol. There is a controversy still pursuing its course as to whether chloroform is dangerous to the heart or to the lungs. All I know is, that in the old Edinburgh days, when giving chloroform, our instructions were summed up in the words "Watch the breathing." In the south doctors are taught to watch the pulse. I think the balance of opinion is swinging round to the old Edinburgh view of things. But, considering the thousands and thousands of cases in which chloroform is annually administered to patients with every condition of heart and lungs represented, and having regard to the relatively few fatalities which occur under skilful hands, we may all, in this jubilee of anæsthetics, drink a bumper to the pious memories of the men who toiled to give to their race the great and priceless boon of freedom from pain.

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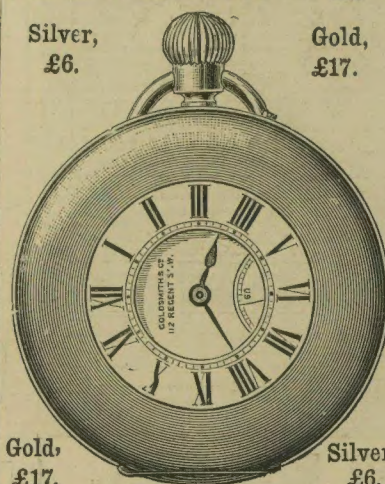
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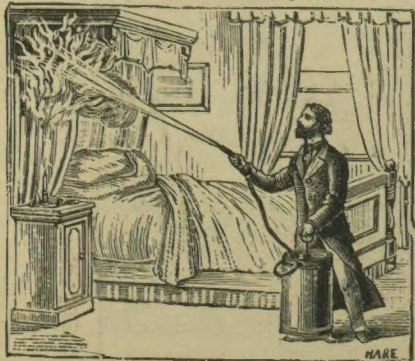
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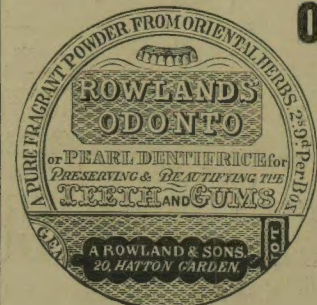
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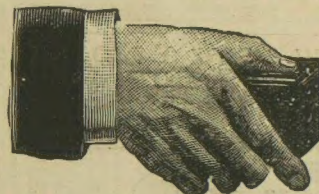
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Among the music received from Charles Woolhouse is an effective and pretty song by J. Henry Leopold, entitled "Good-Night, Jeannette," words by James English. It has an ear-haunting refrain, and is altogether the

type of song that amateurs like. The "Song of Hercules," by J. Jacques Haakman, will be welcomed by vocalists who seek for good pieces for low baritone or bass. The same composer's "Three Remembrances" for violin and pianoforte are cleverly written, and not too difficult. A charming trio for piano, violin, and viola or cello is the "Lullaby" by Alexander S. Beaumont; and a good piece for cellists is Amy Grimson's "Canzona."

Several songs of merit reach us from W. Morley and Co., three of which are by C. Francis Lloyd. We like best "The Sweetest Song," words by G. Hubi Newcombe. This has a delightful swing, and finishes in a most effective fashion. "The Gate of Happiness" is a good specimen of the semi-sacred order, and another, which is perhaps better still, is "The Children of the King," words

by John Muir. Ed. St. Quentin's "Dream Angel" is sympathetic and pleasing, and has nice words by Clifton Bingham. A quaint little ditty is "Don't Tell," by Hubi Newcombe and Camille Daubert, certain to please; and a good contrast to this will be found in "The Angel of the Dawn," by Stanhope Gray and Lindsay Lennox.

A song deserving of praise is "Requiescat," by Gilbert W. Tozer, published by B. Hollis and Co. The words, by Matthew Arnold, are wedded to music full of melodic charm, and altogether it may be said that "Requiescat" is a composition of more than average merit. Those who seek for lighter and less sentimental pieces will like "If I were You!" a tripping ditty by Clifton Bingham and Marcella Cusack Clark. "An Even Song" has acceptable words and music by E. C. Meysey Thompson.

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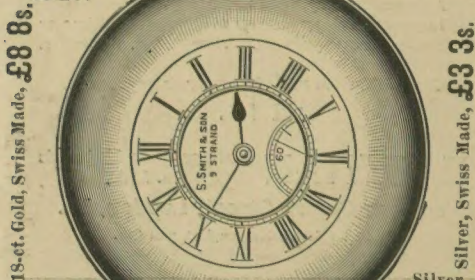
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